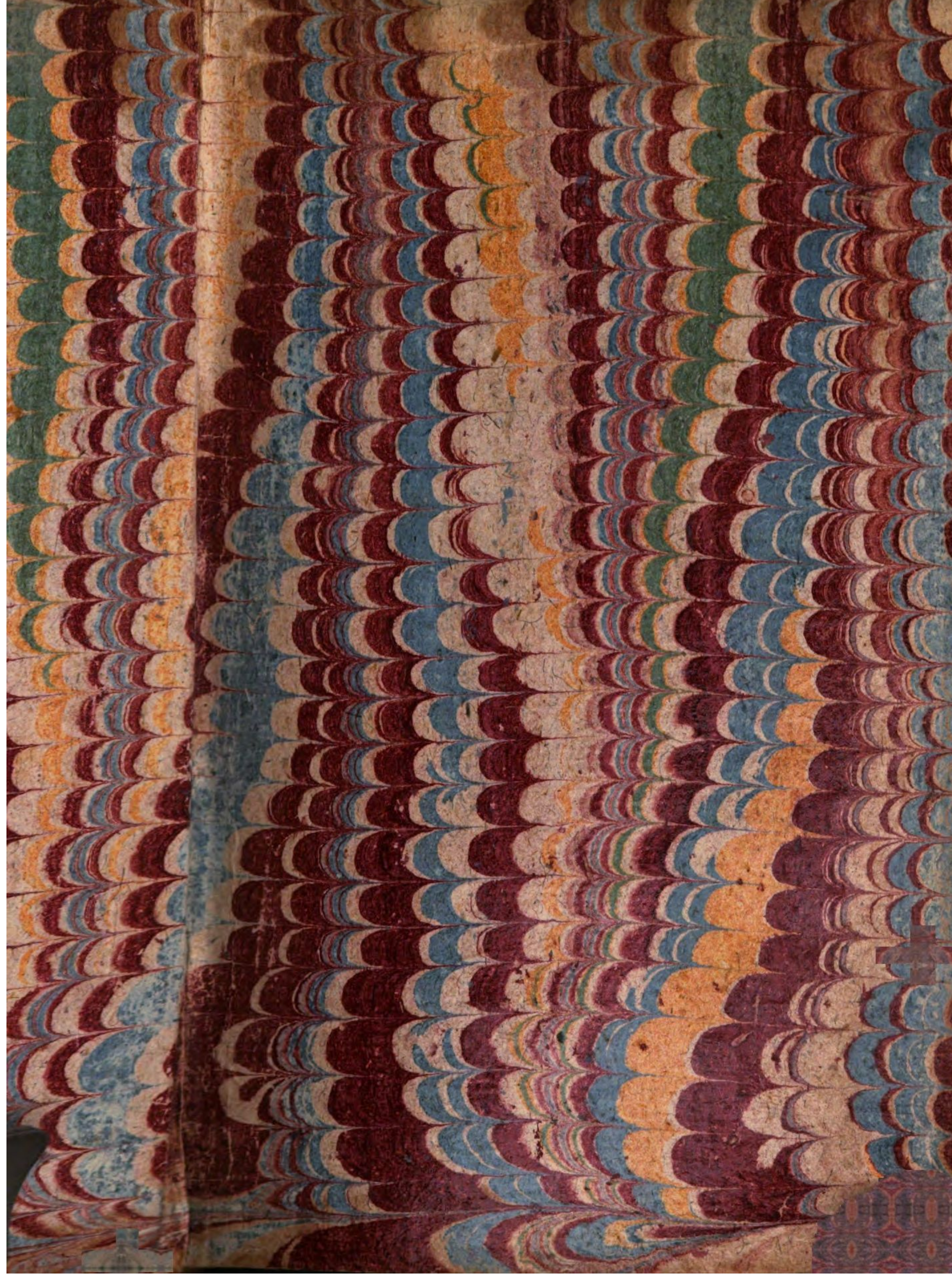


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THE
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OF
O R L E A N S.

BY
Monsieur de VOLTAIRE,

V O L. II.



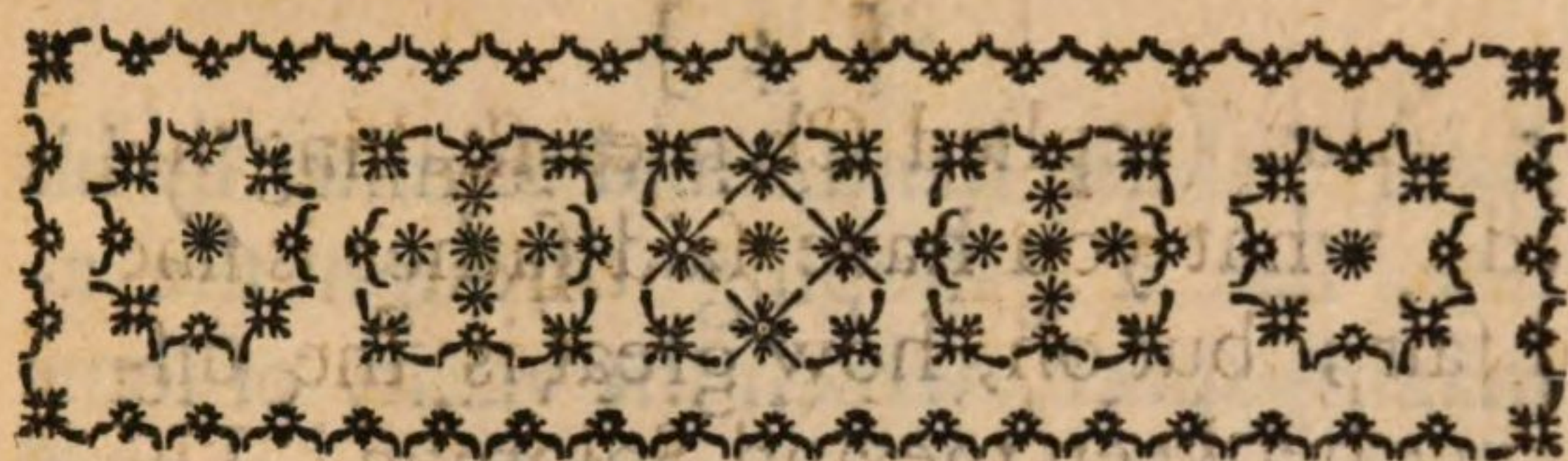
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T H E

M A I D of O R L E A N S.

The THIRTEENTH B O O K.

*Saint George the Patron of England,
fights Saint Denis the Patron of
France.*

U T faint George not seeing
B Denis his brother-saint within
the precincts of paradise, be-
gan to suspect that he had stole away
to assist his countrymen; and therefore
having made an anxious research in
every nook and corner of the celestial
palace, without more ado, he calls for
his fine horse, so often mentioned in
pious legends.

The horse came as soon as called for,
and George the well-mounted with a
A 2 spear.

spear in his hand, and scimitar by his side, sets a galloping through the amazing space, which the vanity of some mortals would fain measure, to wit, the different heavens, the luminous globes, that the romantic dreamer, Des Cartes, makes to turn in a heap of subtile matter, fine imaginary vortexes which cannot be proved.

But Newton, the more rational dreamer of the two, makes them turn round in the midst of an empty space, without the direction of a compass, or guidance whatsoever. Saint George, goaded on by pride and resentment glides rapidly through the vast extent, and in the twinkling of an eye lights on the banks of the Loire, where saint Denis, thought he might insure victory to his party.

Thus in the profound silence of the night, a comet trailing on in his long carrier, shines with a frightful glare to mortal eyes. His tail alarms the ignorant people. Nay, infallibility, God's vicegerent on earth, the pope has often trembled at such appearances. The general apprehension on such ominous

occasions is, that the vineyard of that year will fail.

From the first distant view that George got of Denis, his blood boiled to be at him. Whereupon shaking his homicide lance, he thus spoke, in the very taste and manner of Homer's heroes.

“ Sneaking Denis, weak and troublesome rival, dastardly support of a wretched party, thou hast privately stolen hither to cut the throats of my English heroes. Couldst thou then think that such a wretch as thou art should be able to counteract the decrees of destiny by the means of thy ass and virago wench ?”

“ What ! wert thou not apprehensive that my just vengeance should overtake and punish thee, thy adopted daughter, and France ? Remember, that scurvy head of thine, which used to shake over a wry neck, has been severed from thy body. I have a mind this moment in sight of the gallic church, to knock off thy bald pate which has been so badly set on again ; and then send thee back to the walls of Paris, of whose

“ (badauts) ninnies thou art the fit pa-
 “ tron ; that there in the fuburb called
 “ after thy name, where thy annual
 “ feast is celebrated, thou mayest hold
 “ and kifs thy head anew.

The gentle Denis raifing his hands
 to heaven, thus fpoke in mild and pi-
 ous terms to the impetuous dragon-flay-
 er. “ O, mighty George: O my power-
 “ ful brother in fainthood, will you for
 “ ever loofe the bridle of your pas-
 “ fion, and never ftrive to curb it ? fince
 “ our being in heaven I have constantly
 “ remarked a rancorous leaven in your
 “ othefwife devout heart.

“ Is it fit that beings happy in hea-
 “ ven, enshrined upon earth, and fo
 “ revered by mortals as we are,
 “ fhould difparage ourfelves by unbe-
 “ coming and fhameful difputes ; we
 “ efpecially who ought to give an ex-
 “ ample of christian concord to our
 “ two nations, now in war with each
 “ other ?

“ Sure brother George you do not
 “ mean to trouble the abode of hi-
 “ therto eternal quiet with the horrors
 “ of war. In the name of the holy
 “ fpirit

“ spirit of peace how long do the saints
 “ of your country purpose to be so
 “ troublesome in paradise?

“ Remember my words, haughty
 “ Englishmen, whose nature is inflex-
 “ ible and always fond of daring, hea-
 “ ven at last irritated by your turbulent
 “ proceedings will pronounce an irrevo-
 “ cable negative against, and receive
 “ no more devotion-mongers from
 “ England.

“ Therefore I say to thee thou
 “ wicked saint, thou pious splenetic,
 “ thou cursed patron of a blood-thirsty
 “ people, learn to behave thyself bet-
 “ ter, to become more tractable—and
 “ pray now for heaven’s sake, let me
 “ save France and assist her sove-
 “ reign.”

George whose characteristic is never to be reasoned out of his passion, was so highly provoked at such gallic insolence, that he was all fired with rage. He looked with contempt on the patron of the parisian nicompoops whom he had always charged with cowardice. Therefore an affront from such but the more

provoked his valour, and gave spurs to his courage.

George runs at Denis as a keen faulcon darts from high on a trembling pidgeon. Denis falls back and presently calls with a loud voice for his faithful, his flying afs, his chief succour, his only comfort, "haste, haste cries he, "come and protect your own
" holy Denis against that wicked
" English saint who would fain destroy
" me."

It luckily happened that in the very moment he was called for, the afs was on his return from Italy. I shall hereafter in a succinct manner (which I am fond of) tell what was the cause of the asses return, that happened so opportunely for his good friend Denis, then in jeopardy.

The afs kindly presenting his back and saddle to saint Denis, he mounts him anon, and being seated on his orthodox bucephalus, felt a new glow of courage diffuse itself within him. He had moreover (unperceived by his adversary,)

fary,) flily taken up the bloody sword of a deceased Englishman.

Denis brandishing in air the fatal scimitar drove furiously at George, follows, and closes him. George's boiling indignation retorts three violent blows at his antagonists head; which the French saint dexterously parries, and discharges a volley of blows on the British champion and his horse. Fire flashes from their elastic blades which are now joined to each other; and now their dudgeoned masters animate the fight, seeking where to wound with cut and thrust, on the head, in the neck, and not sparing even the place where resides the kind reliever of female desires.

It appearing uncertain to the spectators above, on which side victory would declare, saint Paul laid a wager with saint Vincent on Denis's head against George; Vincent took him up. This way of reasoning is kept up with great zeal by their pious descendants at Arthurs, who perhaps till now have been

ignorant that they could plead so edifying a precedent.

But the divine attention was immediately distracted by the horrible and discordant braying of the as, attuning his frightful pipe. Heaven trembled at the dire noise, and affrighted eccho repeats it with reluctance. George being appalled by the tremendous sound, nimble wristed Denis throws out a faint, and by a blessed back-stroke cuts off the nose of Albion's holy patron, which drops all bloody on his Saddle bow.

George, without a nose, but not without courage, revenges immediately the dishonourable amputation committed on his face; and swearing unmercifully (as is the custom of his nation) with his scimitar well directed, cuts off from Denis's head a like part to that which Peter severed from Malchus's, on the Thursday of a certain celebrated week.

The heavenly spectators were all alarmed by the bloody fight as well as by the high strained and terrible braying of the holy as. The brilliant portal of
the

the starry roof being opened, down from the heavenly arch descends the archangel Gabriel, and poised on his resplendent wings, slides smoothly through the ætherial space, having in his right hand the very wand, which, not far from the river Nile, was formerly used by the wizard Moses, when in the red sea, stopt by his command, the Egyptian monarch and his people were swallowed up.

He thunders against the combatants in a rebuking tone, “ what a fight is
 “ here? two saints, the patrons of
 “ kingdoms, children of light, and
 “ sworn for ever of the deity’s privy
 “ counsel, to be thus at blows like vile
 “ mortals.

“ Let unbridled rage, and the mutual
 “ destruction of each other by fire
 “ and sword be the unenvied lot of
 “ the ridiculous descendants of Eve,
 “ the vile covering of whose worthless
 “ souls made of dirt is formed to
 “ be death’s harvest.

“ But how comes it to pass, that
 “ you who are purified from the dregs
 “ of mortality, and nurtured with the
 “ choicest

“ choicest ambrosia which immortals
 “ feast on, should thus forget your-
 “ selves. Are you already tired of be-
 “ ing happy? you must certainly be
 “ mad. Good heaven what do I see!
 “ here a nose! and there an ear. A
 “ pretty pair of apostles indeed! Is this
 “ your method of preaching forgiveness,
 “ charity, and universal benevolence?

“ How could you be such precipi-
 “ tate dupes (as like silly mortals) to
 “ thus marmock yourselves in the
 “ quarrel of two wrong headed kings.
 “ Either pay instant obedience to my
 “ command, or renounce for ever all
 “ hopes of returning to heaven. But I
 “ hope brotherly love will re-enter your
 “ hearts.

“ First, you, surly George, take up
 “ that ear there—take it up I say,
 “ come; quick: none of your frowns,
 “ or sulky looks at me. And you cour-
 “ teous monsieur Denis, be pleased
 “ to take up that amputated tip of a
 “ nose with your sanctified fingers. Now
 “ gentlemen see that each part be re-
 “ stored to it's proper place.”

Obe-

Obedient Denis with a respectful hand takes up and replaces it's frontispiece on the nose which he had dismantled. George not to be behind hand (in shew of civility, at least) presents Denis with the ear which he had deprived him of ; and while they both muttered a complimentary oremus to Gabriel, the late separated parts are readjoined and grown together. The cartilages, blood, fibres, flesh following their proper direction, the chasms were conciliated, and not a Trace remained in the two saints militant either of the mutilated nose, or ear cut off, so sound, plump and ready to be healed are canonized bodies.

After the wonderful operation, Gabriel spoke to them with an air of authority ; “ come now, kiss and be “ friends like good saints.” As soon as he had said the words, mild Denis free from gall or rancour, ran up to and kissed his adversary. But stubborn George could not help swearing to himself while they embraced, that he would be revenged on Denis notwithstanding.

The

The bright archangel pleased with this reconciling embrace of the two saints, graciously places one on his right, the other on his left, then soars with them to the superior regions, where on their safe arrival they are welcomed with bumpers of nectar.

Few readers perhaps will believe this bloody battle to have happened; yet most of them have learned that under the walls near which Scamander flowed, (Troy's famed city, I mean) armed Gods apparently descended from olympus in order to fight in either army. In the sublime work of Milton do not legions of winged angels embue the celestial plains with blood? do they not pelt numberless mountains in each others divine mazards, and what is still more surprizing, do they not make use of powder and cannon?

Sure then no candid critic will object to our fiction which under the name of George and Denis paints the natives of France and England in war with each other, and determined on their mutual ruin.

Though

Though peace reigned among the celestials, discord and war triumphed in this unhappy part of the world. The inoffensive king Charles disconsolate for the loss of his dear Agnes, weeps bitterly, and scouts every where in quest of her; while the terror-spreading Joan is dispatching the bold Wharton with her invincible and blood reeking sword.

She wounds the brave Englishman in the swelling part by whose protuberance and exertion he had polluted the convent. Wharton reels, and his keen edged sword drops from his hand nummed by death. He falls, and as he expires renounces all the saints.

The pious troop of old nuns having assembled themselves to take a curious review of this late valiant knight, now wallowing in blood, and fallen at the feet of their victorious Amazon, made the sign of the cross on their foreheads, hurried over an Ave, and leering sideways towards the place where Wharton had been wounded, said, "it was just
 " indeed that the wicked should be pu-
 " nished

“ nished in the part by which they had
 “ most offended.”

But sister Rebondi, who had undergone Wharton's vigorous compression in the vestry, could not help shedding tears for her cruel conqueror, though at the very time she offered up her thanksgiving to heaven, for the justice of his punishment.

Having taken a farewell view of his offensive faculty, she thus expressed herself in a kind of forgiving tone, “ it
 “ must be owned that nobody could
 “ be more guilty than Wharton; his
 “ cruel delight was to storm, and
 “ widen the breach of chastity.”

The

The FOURTEENTH B O O K.

Description of the Castle of Cutendre.

THOUGH I had resolved to steer clear of morality, in order not to encumber my narrative with digressive reflections, yet so powerful an influence over me hath the God of love, fond of prating, that my heated imagination, cannot help uttering, though scrawled in a style inferior to the matter, whatever flows from his flippant tongue.

Youthful belles, virgins, married women, or widows, who are enrolled in his service, and unite under his delicious banner ; you that excite and are kindled by his flames, declare now sincerely when two young lovers equal in charms, in merit, and talents solicit and press upon you with equal ardour, to concur in the raptures of love, your blood warmed by well urged arguments,

ments, do you not feel your selves in a strange taking.

Be now instructed how to act on such occasions by the trite history of the ass, so often read by young masters at school. Two equal quantities of Food, exactly of the same form, and at an equal distance, were placed before him to feast upon.

The poor ass finding himself equally tempted on both sides by two similar forms, containing a like quantity, and so equidistant, that conformable to the laws of undetermined equilibrium, he was unable to make a choice, and died of hunger.

Let not any of the fair imitate such erroneous philosophy, but rather than idly run the risk of losing their lives, let them at the same time confer favours on both lovers.

Not far from this pleasantly situated convent, now so contaminated, so sorrowful and so stained with human blood, (where that morning the affliction of twenty nuns, was more than revenged by the maiden amazon) stood
on

on the banks of the Loire an old castle with a draw-bridge.

The lord of this happy residence was surnamed Cutendre, where every stranger might safely repair. The old baron who was a good natured man had made it famous throughout the country for the hospitality practiced there.

French or English were received by him as friends, and travellers in general whether in coaches, on horseback, or a-foot. He made no distinction between a prince, a monk, or a priest, a nun or a Turk; all were received with equal politeness.

The condition for reception was that two should always present themselves, for men like the baron have their oddities, and his invariable resolution, or rather caprice, was, that even numbers only should have admittance to his palace, the odd were all excluded.

When two or four knocked at his gate, it flew open, and a gracious welcome attended them, but unfortunate was the solitary he who repaired thither. Maigre was his fare, for he was under an indispensable necessity of waiting

ing till a companion should make his number even.

The valiant joan having put on her armour, which, as she moved, clanked over her robust charms; conducted thither in the cool of the evening the gentle and beauteous Agnes talking to her as they went.

But the wicked chaplain who was in close pursuit of Agnes, reaches soon after their arrival, the entrance of the hospitable Asylum. As when a wolf finds his tooth longing to tear the tender skin of a young bleating lamb, he attempts to force the entrance of the sheep-fold, that there he may put his theory in practice. So spurred on by lustful desires, which glared in his eyes, the chaplain who had never thought it a sin to ravish a pretty girl, pursued Agnes for the completion of that joy which had been interrupted, when the fair one was in his power.

He rings the bell, calls aloud for somebody to come to him. But the servants observing him to be alone, he received no answer; and immediately saw the two pieces of timber, whose moving powers

powers set in play the joists of the draw-bridge, rise up, and soon after them the draw-bridge.

At this unexpected sight (pursuant to the master of the castles orders) who fell a swearing? who should but the impious priest. He follows with a wishful eye the ascending pile; vainly extends his hands as if to pull it down: and attempts to speak, but his voice fails him.

As a cat is often seen to steal down from a gutter on the house-top to a cage, and thrust in his claws thro' the bars which defend the birds from him; looking with a wishful eye at them while they industriously keep out of his reach.

So the foiled ecclesiastic was in perplexing confusion when he discovered not far from him walking in the midst of lofty elms a beautiful young man, whose hair played in wanton tresses richly ornamented. He had an inviting and firm countenance; brows of a jetty black were nicely arched over his eyes which sparkled love. The first down of youth was on his chin. His
florid

florid complexion was adorned by the graces. Thus emblazoned with all the vivid colours of blooming youth, there was no taking him for any other than for the handsome page, or Cupid.

The truth of the matter is, it was Monrose. He had fought all day the object of his growing passion. When received into the convent by the young nuns, he appeared to those virgins as if he were an angel come down from heaven to say an ave with them.

The tender hearted sisters on seeing the beautiful Monrose felt a sudden blush rising in their faces, and all said to themselves, ‘ O eternal father why
‘ was not this handsome youth here at
‘ the ravishing of our nunnery ?’

They formed a circle round him, talking incessantly; but as soon as they had learned that this modern Adonis was going in pursuit of Agnes, they ordered for him their fleetest horse and a guide to shew him the way.

Monrose discovering the barbarous chaplain as he stood (ruminating how he should gain admittance) near the high way, and not far from the bridge. Ha !

‘ art

‘ art thou there priest of Belzebub, I
 ‘ now swear by Chandos, by my hope
 ‘ of salvation, and the fair maids eyes I
 ‘ am enamoured with, thou shalt quickly
 ‘ be punished for all thy evil doings.’

The incensed chaplain without making any reply draws out (his hand trembling with rage) a pocket pistol, which he cocks, pulls the trigger, and lets fly. The whizzing ball goes wide of the mark, and makes a random shot; for the churchman’s unsteady hand had not taken a right aim.

But the page a good marksman levels his piece well, and drives a ball through the caitiff’s hard and horrible forehead on which the wickedness of his soul was pourtrayed. The chaplain falls on the ground, and the victor-page feeling in his generous heart some movements of compassion for the expiring monster, thus exhorts him.

“ Alas, since thy hour is come, die
 “ as becomes a christian; say Te De-
 “ um: thou knowest the abominable
 “ life thou hast led. Ask heaven’s
 “ forgiveness for thy riots and de-
 “ bauchery;

“bauchery. Say at least one amen;
 “recommend thy soul to God.”

No, replied the tortured miscreant,
 “I am damned already; going post
 “to the devil, so farewell!” His mor-
 tal life is now no more, and his liber-
 tine soul is a new recruit among the
 infernal legions.

The

The FIFTEENTH BOOK.

King CHARLES finds out Agnes who was solacing herself with Monrose in the Castle of Cutendre.

AS this unrepenting wretch departed a new prey for the insatiate fire of hell, the good king whelmed under grief, was on the hunt after his charming Sorel, and in order to give vent to his affliction, walked along the banks of the Loire with his confessor.

Here courteous reader give me leave to explain to you in a few words, the necessary qualifications for such a spiritual comforter, made choice of by a young amorous monarch, for the sole direction of his conscience.

A man to fill such a place long, must be endowed with great indulgence towards the failings of others ; be one that can with great goodness make the deceitful scale of good or evil preponderate, according as it may seem most expedient ; can point out a flowery road to heaven ; and on occasion palliate the

sins of his master with even plausible motives of conscience.

He must be a thorough master in the art of suiting the tone of his voice, his looks, and gestures to every circumstance: he must let no opportunity of paying his court escape, and be sure to flatter in their turns, with the greatest dexterity, the monarch, his mistress, and favourites; ever obliging, always on the tip-toe of complaisance.

Father Bonifoux of saint Dominick's order, was then confessor to king Charles, a well meaning man who had made himself agreeable to all persons and exigencies. He strove to sooth the king's anguish in mild and devout terms.

“How much is your majesty to be pitied that the animal part of you should thus prevail over your spiritual? it is a fatality! nor can it be denied that your love for Agnes is sinful. It is indeed a sin of human frailty to be classed among the pardonable ones, and was formerly very much in fashion amongst the great, the good, and the pious.”

“For we read in the history of the Hebrew people that Abraham (tho' the
fire

fire of all true believers) not strictly observing the decalogue, deviated from its precept in the arms of his handmaid Agar; whose rival charms drew on her the jealousy and resentment of Sarah, Abraham's wife."

"The just Jacob married two sisters. None of the patriarchs disliked variety in love. Even old Booz after harvest work received the orderly and prudent Ruth into his bed."

"Without dwelling on the particular adventure with Batsheba, it is well known that David the man after God's own heart, gave a loose to enjoyment in his amply furnished seraglio. His valiant son so famous for his fine head of hair, one morning by a special grace, behaved with such unexampled gallantry to them all, that not a lady of the whole number had reason to complain of her being neglected."

"Every body knows Solomon's history. Tho' he was universally learned, knew every thing, and that he was listened to as an oracle, yet I say tho' the wisest of men he turned out the most lecherous of kings."

“ Alas (replied Charles shaking his head) what you have said father is fine and fair ; but oh, how great is the difference between me and Solomon ! The remembrance of his excessive happiness aggravates my distress. For his tender skirmishes he had seven hundred mistresses to successively encounter with. Poor I had but one, and, ah me, that one I have lost.”

A sudden gush of tears streaming down his royal nose interrupted his complaints ; his attention being at the same time drawn to the side from whence he heard a noise.

The king was agreeably surprized to see advancing towards him in a hard trot, his faithful Bonneau mounted on a jolting packhorse, with a red cloak on, and his belly as big as ever.

Whoever has had the happiness of being in love, must readily conclude that next to the pleasure of seeing the object we admire, is that of an interview with her faithful confident, to whom she is supposed to unbosom all her secrets.

His

His majesty almost out of breath thro' eagerness to speak, cries to Bonneau, "what wind has blown you this way? where is my dear Agnes? tell; whence come you? What place is so happy as to be possessed of the inestimable treasure of her bright eyes; that I may fly thither and worship them. Tell, speak, answer me quickly."

To the king's several and hurried questions the ingenuous Bonneau answered methodically; told how he came to be in that deshabille, and made to serve in quality of cook: how partly by miracle, and partly by clandestine craft he had escaped from Chandos in the heat of a skirmish; and how they were all abroad in quest of the beautiful Sorel who was also gone.

Without omitting the least trifling circumstance, the exact Bonneau related circumstantially all he knew, which was of no great import; he not knowing any article of consequence: for he was totally ignorant of the sad disaster caused by the brutal lust of the English priest. Nor did he know a tittle of the pages warm and respectful love for Agnes, or of

the convents having been violated: which was so much the better for his majesty's quiet, because a mortifying information of such violent transactions must disquiet him extremely.

Thus when modern Lewis having lost himself at a hunt, in the under-wood of Fontainbleau's spacious forest, teazes his Bonneau (there is always one of the family in the French court) with a thousand similar questions relative to his mistress; and anxious to trace all her proceedings (as they return home) commands him not to omit any incident however inconsequential it may appear to him, and on the whole learns nothing of her but what is fair and honourable.

Having both conned over several times their different causes of complaint, curst their lot, and the cruel English, their sorrow instead of being abated increased, and for very good reason, it was night, and the great bear of the sky was in the midst of his course.

The Dominican concerned as a good subject for the king, and for himself as a friar, thus humbly remonstrated to his majesty quite absorpt in meditation.

“ My

“My liege it is very late! be pleased to remember, it is proper that every mortal, king or monk, should at this hour seek out some decent retreat, in order to sup, and pass the night there.”

The afflicted monarch without making any reply, suffered himself to be led along by the friar, ruminating all the way on his hard fate with dejected countenance, while his palfrey gallopped spontaneously over the plain. But in a little time the goodly Trio, king, pimp, and priest got to the fossé of Cutendre's castle.

The handsome page Montrose was near the fossé into which he had just thrown the execrable corps of his damned rival. Not unmindful of the fair object of his journey, he railed at his tormenting situation, to be so separated from his lovely Agnes by the bridges refusal of admittance to odd numbers.

But as soon as he had discovered by the light of the moon three persons coming up, his heart was cheered with a dawn of joy. He accosted them with

an uncommon ease and gracefulness, artfully concealing his name and the passion that had brought him thither.

His deportment in general was so pleasing as to interest all he applied to in his behalf. The king was greatly taken with him. The placid monk caressed the boy with an hypocritic affection, kindly leering at him with his devout eyes, and stroking the smooth palm of his lilly white hand.

Their lucky number now being four, the moveable bridge fell invitingly for their reception. Their palfreys made it's timber shake as they galloped over.

As soon as they alit at the castle, the corpulent Bonneau, though out of wind bore away directly to the kitchen, to enquire about their supper; and the good friar did not think it an unworthy place for the offering up of his pious thanksgiving to providence that had so timely stept in to their relief.

The king taking on him the name of a private gentleman, runs to pay his respects to Cutendre before he should be gone to bed. The baron returned the
king's

king's compliment most politely, and then conducted him to his allotted apartment.

Charles was desirous of solitude to enjoy his anxiety alone. He pours out a flood of tears for his lost Agnes, not harbouring the least suspicion of her being so near. But Monroe who was a knowing one, had his eyes every where about him, and got information in what chamber Agnes was lodged.

As when Grimalkin with a greedy eye watches the appearance of a timid mouse, he treads so lightly that the earth scarce feels the impression of his feet; but the moment it pops forth, he darts upon his prey.

So Monroe as he advances towards the bed of his beloved, stretches out an arm, and cautiously gropes his way: now turns his ear to listen; now proceeds on his tip-toes. Thrice happy Agnes, the youth you adore is now in your chamber.

Straw does not so quickly feel the attraction of amber, nor is iron so briskly whirled to the load-stone's embrace,

brace, as Monrose is to Sorel. Such is the power of sympathy.

The handsome page drops immediately on his knees by the bedside, wherein Sorel had extended her charms between clean sheets in order to taste the sweets of rest. The time was too precious to be mis-spent in idle words. In the twinkling of an eye they were both in a blaze.

With mouths half closed the signal kiss is given, their souls meeting on their rosy lips. Love's lambent fire flashes from their eyes. To give a new zest to their billing, the tongue of each fondly seeks and darts at the others, the most expressive eloquence of hearts mutually enamoured.

How significant is such a silent intercourse, how energetically are the warmest desires thus intimated; delicious preludes! sweet forerunners of bliss. It was however found necessary to suspend a moment, so sweet a concert, so tender a Duo.

In the short interval the belle assisted impatient Monrose to trip the incumbrances of dress, by which disguise nature

nature suffers so much. It was unknown among mortals of the golden age, and is now abhorred by Cupid who delights in going naked.

Gods what charming objects do I see ! is yon loving pair of such exquisite beauty Zephyrus and Flora ? or is it Psyche that caresses Cupid ? or is it rather the son of Cyniras in the arms of Venus, in a distant and chosen retreat impervious to the light of day, while her deserted Mars is a prey to jealousy and grief.

Charles the Mars of France, lamenting with his friend Bonneau the loss of Sorel in a remote part of the palace, had scarce any appetite for his supper, and little satisfaction in what he drank, which proved ineffectual to dissipate his sadness.

It happened that an old valet of the castle, a professed prattler, without being asked any questions, officiously informed the king, that two ladies, the one strong built, and haughty ; the other more delicately formed, with blue eyes, and a charming complexion were lodged there that night.

The

The gladly surprized monarch concluding immediately that the latter must be the fair one whom he fought by the description given of her; in order to sooth his passion made the very communicative valet (who indeed desired no better) tell over, and over, how brilliant her eyes were, how her mouth was shaped, the colour of her hair, the pleasing accents of her voice, and modest deportment of her person, in short he made him often repeat all the good qualifications of his dear.

Enraptured by the pleasing repetition, the king cries aloud, "O it is she, the divine Sorel, I am sure of it," and rising from his supper says, "a good stomach to you Bonneau, I am for a richer feast in the arms of Agnes."

Off he goes, and being privileged as a king, did not mind what noise he made in running towards the chamber he was told she lay in. Unable to restrain his joy, he so loudly called on her all the way thither that she soon overheard him.

This unexpected alarm of the king's coming threw the happy couple into the
greatest

greatest perplexity. They shook with fear. How to extricate themselves from this dilemma was the question. Thus the inventive page went to work for their common safety.

In the room there happened to be contrived an oratory with a little altar in it, where occasionally mass was said. Over it was a kind of vaulted niche designed for the reception of some saint; and was at that time veiled by curtains: up thither climbs Monrose, and whimsically niches himself a saint.

He there stood hid by the curtain, having on him neither doublet nor cloak, &c. The king comes bustling in, and from the very entrance of the room bounds to the arms of his adored Agnes; then shedding tears of joy insists on being made immediately happy: kings are not to be refused.

The concealed saint fretted at what he saw was going to pass, makes a noise and stirs the curtain. The king rose to see what was the matter there, and stretching out his hand feels a body, but quickly withdraws roaring, "love! fatan!"

fatan ! saint Germain ! saint Francis !
&c."

Partly through the fright and partly through jealousy he gave a violent pull to the curtain which falling with great noise upon the altar discovered the amiable figure that had been concealed by it. Monrose having turned his back through a sense of modesty, displayed that part, which the mighty Cæsar was wont in the bloom of his youth to prostitute to Nicomedes. That part which the Grecian hero so admired in his beloved Hephestion ; and to which Adrian allotted a place in the Pantheon. Nor have some celebrated modern heroes been less fond of it. Heroes have great weaknesses.

If our readers carry along with them the thread of our history, they must remember, that in passing through the English camp, the chaste fingers of doughty Joan (conducted by the obliging saint Denis,) drew with dexterity three Flour-de-luces on the back-side of a profane one.

Astonished Charles could not tell what to make of the escutcheon, and faintly posteriours ; but soon apprehending
ing

ing that it might be a device of Belzebub the prince of darkness, fell a praying. The beautiful Agnes catching from her royal master repentance and grief, and being overcome by fear, fainted away. New affliction to the good natured king. He takes hold of her hands, and despotically roars, "haste, haste, let every one come hither, for the devil I believe is in the chamber where my Agnes is lodged."

Alarmed by the king's cries Bonneau rises from table, not without a sensible regret on account of his unfinished supper, and runs to Agnes's apartment quite out of breath. Joan awakened by the uproar seizes her victorious sword in order to proceed to the place from whence the noise was come. But the lord of the castle honest baron Cutendre was in so profound a sleep that the noise and bustle did not in the least affect him.

The SIXTEENTH B O O K.

The Arrival of Dunois, and of Dorothea, at the Castle of Cutendre. They all depart from the said Castle.

AS the undaunted Joan rushed along in quest of danger she chanced to descry in the park of the castle through a dormer window, an hundred palfreys, on whom were mounted a band of gallant knights, each having a lady behind him.

They were accompanied by their attendant squires, carrying in their hands the cruel apparatus of war, to wit, an hundred bucklers from which the moon's trembling rays were reflected; and as many helmets made of gold with nodding plumes. They had long poles armed with sharp iron-points. A richly wrought variety of ribbands hanging from their lances sported in the wind.

Joan struck with so hostile an appearance believed that the English had sur-

surprized the castle of Cutendre. It was however a gross mistake of hers ; but it may be pleaded in her excuse that mistakes are often committed in the art of war.

For example, Ajax the professed bully of the Grecian host, and a certain modern general who was a duke, a bel esprit, minister, and marshal, the former on the banks of Scamander, the latter on those of the Rhine, mistook a flock of sheep for a body of the enemy. And yet this error of judgment has not left the least stain on their reputations.

So those discovered by Joan soon proved not to be English folks who had taken the castle by surprize, but on the contrary a posse of friends, headed by the valiant Dunois, (just returned from Milan) and well known to Joan. He was now bringing back the beautiful Dorothea.

The belle was transported with love and joy, (and very justly so) on beholding her dearly beloved near her ; the darling favourite of hers the tender hearted la Trimonille, for whose
sweet

sweet fave her eyes were often bathed in tears ; he having fought in a hundred battles, found her at last, and was determined to stick by her.

This magnificently dressed and brilliant cavalcade entered the castle at night in equal numbers, Joan flew to meet them. Charles who saw her set out, imagined she was going to engage with an enemy, and therefore followed to second her. The king's error of judgment by withdrawing his warlike presence from lovely Agnes, left a clear coast for the page.

O happy page, a thousand times happier than monarch Charles, altho' the most debauched, and most christian king. There is no doubt to be made, but that you poured out fervent thanks to the good saint, whose niche you had occupied, for operating this miracle in your behalf.

There was not much time to be lost in praying. To dress quickly, and escape was the most pressing business.

Thou quickly drewest on over the satin of thy plump and snowy buttocks their neat wrought covering. Agnes assisting

sisting thee with a timorous hand committed some pleasing mistakes. Monrose gave her numberless kisses. His cloaths were no sooner on than she wished them off again for a renewal of their pleasure.

Monrose went to the park without speaking a word; and the pious confessor could not help sighing, and feeling a carnal distraction at sight of the handsome youth pass by him.

The gentle Agnes set about composing her eyes, her air, her deportment, and what she should say on the occasion. Confessor Bonifoux repaired to comfort his majesty, by assuring him, that what he had seen in the nich was a messenger dispatched from above with news that the English power which had proved so long fatal in France was drawing near it's end, and should ere long be no more; for that it was decreed in heaven, king Charles should soon gain a compleat victory over the enemy.

The monarch believed the monk without any difficulty, being of a believing disposition; and warlike Joan thus

thus backed the friar; "Let us my liege make advantage of this favourable succour from heaven. Come on great prince, let us return to your army, that must be in the greatest consternation for their monarch's absence."

Without hesitating, La Trimonille and Dunois were of Joan's opinion, which they loudly declared. The charming Dorothea was presented by her hero to the king, who gave her a most gracious reception. Nay Agnes embraced her, and the united squadrons marched from the castle of Cutendre.

The celestials who are often pleased to laugh at the follies of sublunary beings, behold this cavalcade of heroes, heroines and lovers shape their romantic way thro' the fields.

The king of France kept near his fair Agnes, who (with female art) affecting the greatest fidelity to him, presented her humble hand to receive his royal one, which she kindly pressed, and said a world of fond things, now and then interrupted by a truly amorous side glance, when she perceived Monrose ogling her.

The

The confessor followed singing part of a psalm, and saying the prayer for travellers, from which devout work he was sometimes taken off on seeing around him such a blaze of charms, that in the pious distraction his eyes wandered from the king to the page, from the page to Agnes, and from Agnes to his breviary.

La Trimonille the ornament of the French court, shining in gold and with a heart full of love, wheeled round and pranced his horse near the charming Dorothea; who intoxicated with joy, and fired with passion, called him her deliverer, her only beloved, the idol of her heart.

Near them marched Joan, France's support, in the trim of an amazon, having on her head a little green hat laced with gold, and adorned with an elegant plume. While she was thus parading on her ass (proud of the honour to carry her) she took care to display the charms of her large features, now speaking to his majesty, now driving hard, now walking slowly. When she affected to bridle herself up in airs of consequence, she could not help letting

ting some gentle sighs escape for Dunois the companion of her deeds in arms ; for her heart always bounded at the pleasing remembrance of having seen him and his apurtenances naked.

Bonneau whose chin was shaded with a patriarchal beard closed the rear, all in a sweat and puffing hard. Never had monarch a more valuable servant than Bonneau, for he had provided all necessities ; having then under his care two large mules laden with an excellent old wine, delicious pastry work, large sausages, hams, and chickens dressed, or ready to be so.

The SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

The Battle of John Chandos, and Joan D'Arc, and the extraordinary Law she was subject to in said Battle.

AS they continued their way, the French pageantry were met at the corner of a wood by John Chandos, his sword in hand, then seeking after Agnes and his page. He was followed by a not less showy retinue of bold Britons, and not inferior in number to that escorting the monarch of France. But in this it differed, that it had neither bobbies nor bewitching eyes to boast of.

Chandos cries out to them with a threatening voice, “O, ho, French gallants, the just objects of my resentment, have I met you at last. It must not be said that while you have three such fine wenches with you, John Chandos shall not have one. Forbid it courage—therefore we must fight; and let fortune determine who of us knoweth best how to handle the lance, and please a fair maid’s eyes. I challenge the boldest among you to
enter

enter the lists with me, and the conqueror shall have one of the three."

The king piqued at so insulting a proposition, brandished his spear, and advances in order to chastise the arrogance of Chandos. But Dunois stopt him, saying, "O permit me dread sovereign to take vengeance on this boaster for my prince, and these ladies of honour." Which as he was going to execute, La Trimonille stops him; all being envious of fighting on so glorious an occasion.

But the friendly Bonneau who loved to accommodate all disputes, advised them to let chance decide who should be the happy hero. This custom had been practised by combatants in the most heroic times of antiquity. And what was deemed a stronger argument to recommend it was, the apostle Matthias having obtained the place of Judas by throwing of dice.

Even in our times it is well known that in certain republicks, many lucrative employments and honourable places are won by dice, and affairs are not managed

managed there, a whit the worse. The obliging Bonneau holding the box, sighs lest the chance should fall upon royal Charles, rattles the dice, and throws them on the table to decide whose the lot shall be.

Denis looking down from the high ramparts of heaven saw what was going on here below, and contemplating with pleasure Joan and the ass, he by his faintly influence cogg'd the dice, and made the desired lot fall on the virgin amazon, in order to efface from her memory the odious game the lusty cordelier played, who had heretofore ruffled her charms.

Joan runs immediately to the king, calls for her arms, then modestly retires behind a bush to unlace herself, takes off her petticoats, and puts on the suit of sacred armour which an attendant squire held in readiness for her.

Soon as accoutred she mounts full of martial fire, brandishes her lance by way of defiance to the foe, and makes the ass feel the strong impression of her knees. She invoked the

eleven thousand maids that in a most heroic manner expired martyrs of virginity. On the other side John Chandos was so unworthy a christian, that going to battle he never addressed any saint, or was heard to mention even the name of God.

French Joan and English John, advance furiously against each other. Their valour was equal on both sides, their barbed palfreys having their heads armed, at the prick of the spur set forward like lightning, but driving their heads one against the other, fire flashes from their broken and shivered head-pieces, and the iron splinters as they fly appear red with blood.

Eccho rebounds to the horrid shock. The poor beasts are repulsed trembling in every limb, and their dismounted riders fall on their bums not a little amazed. Thus may be often seen two ivory balls suspended by cords of equal length, start at the same instant in a curve, accelerate their course, and be mutually flatted in the shock against each other; by whose forceful energy they recover and spring back from the repelling

ling force, multiplying their velocity by their weight.

Either party thought both the pal-freys killed, and were in great uneasiness about the combatants. The illustrious heroine of France, whose flesh was not of so firm a texture, and whose bones were not so thick, or members so thoroughly muscled as were those of John Chandos, having in the conflict lost her equilibrium, having already swerved from the line of direction and the fixed point, the ass threw her on the field. There Joan lay stunned on her back; the way all girls ought to fall.

Chandos not being hurt, and now risen on his legs, imagined it was either Dunois or the king he saw discomfited, and advances in order to view his conquest. Chandos as he takes off the helmet, sees a head in which roll about in a sickly manner a pair of large black eyes.

As he unties her cuirasse, he discovers (O all ye saints) with pleasure and amazement, two bubbies of equal figure, bewitching demi-globes, smooth to the

touch, and not too near, each crowned with a nipple of the red-rose hue.

It is reported that Chandos then crossed himself for the first time, and with a loud voice of triumph cried, “ have I then at last got the maid of France. I now will glut my vengeance. I have, thank heaven, doubly merited to humble this haughty Joan. Though saint Denis were to be a spectator of what I mean to do to her, his faintship must excuse me. I plead my right through mars and love.”

Then turning to his squire, he said to him, “ I see she is in a swoon, and as I have two arms to attack and conquer antagonists; I have a third for special occasions, which I will now apply to the curing of Joan.”

The squire's answer was, “ push forward my lord, and you will firmly establish the English throne in France; in vain have been the endeavours of Lourdis to discourage you. In vain also does he swear that Joan's consecrated maidenhead is to the French what the famous Palladium was to the

the Trojans, and the sacred buckler to the inhabitants of Latium. To hear lourdis talk, it is the enemy's pledge of victory, the oriflamme or great standard of France. Therefore my lord, for your own satisfaction and the interest of your country, make sure of it." Chandos replied "I will, and in so doing have a double measure of the greatest advantages life affords, glory and pleasure."

Joan recovering from her swoon, heard their discourse with horror, making a thousand vows to saint Denis, the only thing the poor girl could then do. The valorous Dunois was strongly inclined to prevent this brutal triumph over chastity. But that cannot be, because according to the rules of chivalry the stipulated conditions of every combat must be fulfilled.

The miraculous afs, the iron defence being knocked off his head which he held down in a dejected manner, his ears having been much bruited in the shock, looked on the proceedings of Chandos, with smothered confusion, having a long time entertained

tained in his heart a discreet affection for the maid, and sentiments of so noble and delicate a turn, as are quite unknown among the numerous asses fashioned upon earth. The formidable appearance of Chandos's third offensive member made him fetch a deep sigh.

The French king's confessor trembles in every fibre, as he hears and sees the lewd discourse and intent of Chandos. He fears lest his royal penitent, in order to support the glory of France, so impudently run down on that occasion, should be tempted to do as much with Agnes; which he was convinced would be imitated by La Trimonille and Dorothea; and that perhaps from such cogent examples, a general spirit of lust would be diffused among all beholders.

The holy father Bonifoux retires to the foot of an aged oak, where he kneels to pray; and after enters into a silent meditation on the nature, cause and effects of that agreeable sin which few deem to be of luxury's train.

The EIGHTEENTH B O O K.

A Vision. Joan's Honour is saved by a Miracle.

THE good friar's profound meditation was succeeded by a vision, not unlike that prophetic dream of him who prospered by a lie, the cunning shaver Jacob, whose interested soul disposed of his lentils like a jew, that is, to the best advantage. From hence it appears my brethren, what ample matter for admiration is to be found in the sublime mysteries of holy writ.

The prophet one night near the banks of the Euphrates perceived a thousand rutting rams, tugging the ewes that kindly let them do as they pleased. But the monk saw, or imagined he did, far more entertaining objects, and such as faint before him had never seen.

He saw the heroes and demi-gods of future generations impatient to act the same joys the rams had, humbly kneeling to

their nymphs. He observed with a pious glee the different attractive artifices practiced by the courted belles, and their wonderful address to make the conquerors of the world dance attendance after them.

Soon after, each supinely happy, corresponded to the movements of her incumbent hero. They set out together suiting their discourse to the occasion. Every couple went at the rate they liked best; some in a hard trot: others in a reaching gallop; the impetuous riders spurring eagerly for the goal of bliss. In fine the wrigling monk saw the game of two backs played in the last perfection, and in a provoking variety of attitudes.

Thus at the return of Zephyrus and Flora, in the spring's genial season, the feathered songsters painted with all the variety of colours, agitate the leaves of trees by their amorous conflicts. The butterflies then enjoy their loves on the tender velvet of flowers. The rampant lions run to the shade in quest of their females, who receive them kindly

[57]
kindly, forgetful of their natural savageness.

Among others the monk descried gallant Francis the first, that valiant king, and trusty knight, joyously forgetting in the arms of the beautiful Etampe, the thralldom he had undergone at Paris.

He next saw Charles the fifth form wreaths of laurel and myrtle twined together, having at the same time a Flemish and a Moorish mistress. What a pair of kings of christian example were they! The latter by riding got the gout, and the former something worse; the pox, of which he died.

Around Henry the second's beloved Diana, young Cupids frolick, and smile at her lascivious manage, while with her lean and faded arms she clasps eagerly the monarch intoxicated with love, she seeming to faint away at the same time. By a long experience and consummate skill in the art of debauchery Diana knew how to supply the want of youth and beauty.

The inconstant successor of Charles the ninth, quits his Chloris in a laughing

ing mood to make love to a page regardless of the troubles of Paris.

No assaults equalled those the dominican saw made by Borgia, pope Alexander the sixth. He is painted in many places without his tiara tucking up his short cassock, and presenting his back to act the woman's part with Vanoſi. In others his holineſs quenches his immoderate concupiſcence in his own family by enjoying his daughter Lucretia.

O Leo the tenth! O illuſtrious Paul the third! ſublime Julius the ſecond! and O thou merry grig Monti! What monarchs can pretend to cope with your ſupremacy in the various arts of debauchery? none ſave one, and he ſurpaſſes you, to wit, [the vigorous prince of Bearne, Henry the fourth of France, who reduced the famous Ligue made againſt him. This hero is known a thouſand times more by the raptures he communicated to his fair Gabrielle d'Etrees, than by twenty years heroic exploits.

The dominican beheld with ſurprize the Doges of Venice, and thoſe grand lukes, Piſas haughty oppreſſors ſharing
the

the pleasure of the he-goat. But shame to all such apostates from the fair sex. Let us turn from them and their stinking desires, in order to take a review of more pleasing objects, in that happy age, that age of miracles, when in the superb court of Lewis the great, all the arts were fashioned by love. It was Love erected the gorgeous palace of Versailles. It was Love that in the eyes of a dazzled people, softened the throne of Lewis in to a bed of flowers, in despite of all the alarms from the menacing god of war.

It was Love that conducted to the court of this monarch, the most comely of men a crowd of rival beauties; kindled them with passion: and made them by the studied exhibition and display of their charms win his royal affection.

The foremost on this happy list was cardinal Mazarin's niece, famous for her bewitching eyes. Then follow the generous and tender Valiere; and the impassioned and haughty Montespan. The one thought on nothing but the minute

nute of enjoyment ; the other studied to spin out pleasure.

But alas what a sudden metamorphosis appears? love has thrown aside his crown of roses ; and his infantine features on which the smiles used to sport are now overcast with foolish scruples, and cold decency. His little head is drowned in a large square cup.

Hymen follows slowly with a mysterious air. Two flambeaus burn with the same fire ; dull fires which emit no cheerful light, but rather darkness visible ; and diffuse a sudden melancholy to all who come within their glare.

By the niggard light of those dismal flambeaus appeared the great lewis crown ed with poppies. Preceded by a black cassocked demon, and two procurers following. He was married to his old bawd.

The dominican was not a little surprized to see the flower of the Bourbon line enamour'd of two flabby dugs, and put spurs to the old mare on a sofa. Disconsolate Cupid and his faithful retinue frolicksome sports, and pleasing smiles fled away to Paphos, from the sight of such an hideous object.

The

The gay city of Paris, and the brilliant court became equally a prey to devotees. A gross and tasteless luxury prevailing, confined all happiness to brutal sensuality. Under the mask of hypocrisy, a cynic effrontery thrust the elegant epicurus out of his throne, to place thereon the uncivilized Diogenes. The courtier seeks for liberty in excessive drunkenness.

Hercules hid in a monk's habit, and Priapus veiled under a cassock, deal obscenity throughout the palace. They meet no resistance, and the prophane couple celebrated for their brutality, do what they please with pretty women.

All delicacy in love was like to be for ever expelled from France it's favourite residence, when by the intervention of fortune, (that had kindly decreed it) the bigot monarch was summoned to retire among his ancestors, quietly interred in the village of saint Denis, in a convent of Benedictins not far from Paris.

The monk saw in the order of destiny, the regency succeed to this bigot reign; happy Æra, then liberty revived,
then

then Folly ringing her bell, threw a varnish of innocence over all transactions ; and in consequence the hypocrite was misconstrued a simpleton.

Fond Argenton ! wanton Parabere, it is to you that the little deity, and the queen of Paphos are indebted for the revival of their power, and their neglected altars being rehonoured with burnt incense in the palace of Orleans.

The deity of taste, the only worthy rival to that of love, applied himself to bring about an union between eminent talents and the graces. Faunus, Priapus, and brutal Hercules, were obliged to withdraw from the then polished court, and retire to the gloom of convents, never more daring to shew themselves in France.

The bountiful regent erects on his palace the standard of voluptuousness, and the young dutchess of Berry, blooming in youthful charms, the bright star of the court, joyously answers to the signal, and is conducted to the couch of bliss by Bacchus and all the festive deities ; Cupid in waiting.

Near

Near Paris under the purple of Rome.
 But stop—such a picture might bring
 its painter into trouble. More than one
 Bonneau might be reckoned among the
 short robed gentry. In these latter times
 the office of pimp is taken up by some
 of Mars's chieftains.

But as I am naturally timorous, and
 hate a fray, shall say no more; nor
 will yield to the temptation of ut-
 tering scandal, tho' my reader should
 be displeased thereat.

O Rambouillet, witness to many mis-
 terious transactions! O Meuden! O
 Choisi! delightful retreats, which love
 with his attendant smiles and sports hath
 often preferred to Cithere. I will pass
 over in a respectful silence, the se-
 veral acts of gallantry you have known.
 To treat of the present time would
 prove as dangerous as it was formerly
 to touch the divine ark, which struck
 with immediate lethargy the hand guilty
 of such daring. I will therefore hold
 my tongue.

I am notwithstanding tempted at all
 events to say something of the most
 charming of the fair sex, O delicious
 mo-

morset, enchanting La Tournelle, though plump yet delicate, though majestic yet condescending, and attractive of all affections.

If I could dare to offer between your well fleshed thighs the grains of incense, which are Venus's due; or if I could dare to sing your high promotion, which the brown beauty Flavaucourt secretly wishes to enjoy.

If I could dare I would celebrate this kind connection which (though against the strict rules of christianity) was encouraged and approved of, nay blessed by the old cardinal, but since broke, and curst by a bigotted bishop. The divorce however was but of short duration, for the French monarch soon after his recovery, renewed the tender intercourse, notwithstanding all the exhortations and sermons of the said foolish prelate to the contrary.

If I could dare to display your amorous skirmishes with his majesty—but no—I will not say a word more; fearing lest that in my too weak description, I should fall ignominiously short of your powerful charms.

In

In his extetic vision the pried monk contemplated with an eager and respectful eye what I should be afraid to look on ; to wit, the curious succession of European princes in flagrant. Among whom shone conspicuous the second Charles of England with his fair Portsmouth ; G— of the same number with his luscious Y—: and that singularly devout king of Portugal, who said his prayers while in the arms of his mistress, nor did Victor Amadeus, escape his view, victor alternately the dupe of his pride, his son, and his love.

To close this illustrious groupe. he saw panting between Iris and his page, the kingly author soon act the eager non conformist. This hard-hearted and capricious monarch is admired in the North, and called a Solomon, as the Germans call their emperors the king of the Romans.

The monk could not refrain from exclaiming, “ if the sovereigns of the earth are so fond of this game of two backs, and that it is a passion impressed on us all, why should I grieve if John Chandos throws his robust thighs between
between

between my gentle maids. For my part then let the will of heaven be fulfilled." Amen, amen, to that sweet powers, says he; and dissolves into a pleasing swoon, as if in actual enjoyment of what he only saw in a vision.

But the vigilant faint Denis was of quite another mind, and could by no means consent that John Chandos should by ravishing the maidenhead of Joan d'Arc ruin France.

My readers no doubt, have heard that men have been rendered occasionally impotent by magic charms, a damnable expedient, and which no faint should ever use, but when there is no other remedy to be had.

When thus bewitched, the poor lover, his fire being chilled, though alive and in health, yet palsied in the essential part, fatigues himself to no purpose, on the brink of pleasure which he cannot taste of.

So a flower dried up by the scorching heat of the day, with head and stalk reclined, calls in vain for the genial moisture from which it is to receive

ceive new life, and have all it's vivid tints restored.

To such a situation was the haughty English hero reduced by faint Denis in the critical minute of enjoying his conquest. Chandos not reconciled to his disappointment, and unwilling to forego so favourable an opportunity, continued teasing the gentle maid.

His sweating and puffing was all to no purpose, unable to sound with any thing else, he tries with his finger if Joan has her maidenhead, a curious enquiry forsooth, "damn the eyeless needle," quoth he in a rage.

The harrassed maid disengaging herself, springs from her conqueror, who in the greatest confusion, was endeavouring to vibrate his mortal part into life, (while though to him invifible) faint Denis laughed at his affliction.

As Chandos was cursing his fate, the nymph having recovered her breath, thus spoke to the disappointed hero, and in a menacing tone, "be now convinced wicked Englishman, that thou art not invincible ; tremble at the thought of heaven's having abandoned thee

thee in the greatest of combats. What thou hast proudly mounted thy hopes of conquest on, is shamefully fallen. As thy attempt on me is now gloriously defeated, so shall I another day, have ample vengeance on thee, and thy ferocious countrymen for the manifold injuries done to France. This my patron saint Denis has promised, therefore I challenge to meet thee and them near the walls of Orleans."

Discomfited Chandos, his eyes scouling on the ground, growled out this reply, "insolent wench be thou a maid or not, I'll meet thee there, I shall have our patron George, and he that commands all saints for me. And there shall reap ample amends on thee for my present disappointment."

The NINETEENTH BOOK.

CORISANDRA.

EACH gentle reader must have known by experience, that the genial deity whose figure and amusements are those of a child, has two different quivers. In the one are contained those whose pricking is without pain. Their points make wounds from which derive neither pain nor danger, but become a source of pleasing anxiety, which overflows the heart and diffuses itself through all the streams of life.

The arrows in the other quiver, are of a fiery quality that spread a desolating flame wherever their destructive points are struck. The instant they make a wound, the five senses are disordered and reason is dethroned.

Their face is all in a blaze. The so infected think themselves changed into other beings, and their feverish bodies seem unnaturally heated by another blood than that they had been used to.

Fre-

Frequent flashes of fire disturb their sight. They do not hear distinctly. Neither their gestures nor their actions are guided by any reflection.

Water intensely boiling and with noise when it bounds over the sides of the containing vessel, springs up in air, and flits away, and that is but a weak image of the violent agitations of those who are a prey to the extreme violence of love. This truth all my readers certainly know.

But the little wicked deity, the tyrant of human hearts, the froward cupid was now delighted to play some of his most extraordinary pranks, and of which, that I am going to relate, is a very singular and surprizing instance.

Between Blois and Cutendre lived a young beauty, whose charms, had she but a tender heart, would have by far surpassed those of Agnes; but without that kind consenting requisite, all beauty is nothing. Corisandra was the name of this young and handsome Ideot.

Cupid

Cupid forsooth in one of his malicious moods against the human race, had decreed, that whoever beheld this fair simpleton, whether a military man, one of the robe, or even the king, should instantly run stark mad ; but all Plebeian men, such as attending valets, or those of the Canaille were exempted from the rigorous law, which extended only from the king to the gentleman. Folly's limited patent reached no farther.

The worst of this malady was, that it was out of the reach of the escula-pian art to cure it. Hellebor so powerful in every other madness, could be of no service in this particular species of frenzy, in which the brain was to become every day more and more delirious, till such time as this beautiful fool should feel the embraces of a lover, by which she was to receive the gift of understanding, and those who had suffered in beholding her restored to their former sound state of mind.

Many a youth born on the banks of the river Loire, had lost both reason and memory, by looking on the fatal
Corisan-

Corisandra. One fancying himself to be a deer, ran a browzing in the forest. Another imagining that his posteriors were glass, cried out if any body jostled him that his brittle bum was broke.

Goyon believes himself a woman, puts on petticoats, and is in the last affliction that nobody offers the least impertinence to him. Valori (who not altogether wrong) brays like an ass, and wishes to be loaded as such. Poor Sablé thinks himself transformed into a pot, and acts as such; alas, what man is without his folly in one manner or other, in prose or verse, supposing he had never seen Corisandra?

The beautiful Ideot had a grandmother, whose unsocial temper was at first pleased at seeing the many fools Corisandra made; but from the multitudes of misfortunes her grand-daughter was the occasion of, at last began to relent, and therefore locked up this cause of masculine madness, appointing at the same time, two bold looking champions to defend the entrance of the castle, against
all

all who at the hazard of losing their reason should attempt it.

The fair idiot thus imprisoned, stitched, spun, and sang, thoughtless, careless, quite indifferent about what might happen, and not in the least anxious about taking any trouble to cure her lovers; which the hard-hearted, or rather unthinking creature might have done at any time, by saying; ay.

Proud Chandos not yet recovered from the rage he had been thrown into by the shameful baulk with his haughty antagonist maiden Joan, returned to join his countrymen, murmuring at his hard fate all the way.

Thus a dog whose eager jaws had made a snatch at a hare that has escaped, turns backwards and forwards yelping for his loss, then comes creepingly to his master, with ears and tail hanging down in a penitential manner to express his anguish for the hare's escape.

Chandos cursed a thousand times the treacherous Machine that had disappointed him in a duel wherein his ho-

nour was so nicely concerned. But in order to press his return, the English general dispatched a brave young Irish colonel, named Paul Tirconnel, conspicuous for a lofty countenance, brawny breast, strong back, and stout limbs, this youth bore written in his forehead, and daring brows; that he had never undergone such a disgrace as that which then covered Chandos with confusion.

These two warriors with their escorte having reached the gates of Corisandra, in a commanding tone called for admittance; but were answered by one of the stationed porters, "stop whoever you be, nor dare attempt to force into the castle of Corisandra; the loss of your senses will be the forfeit."

Chandos looking upon such insolent jargon as an affront, pushed forward, and made so violent a stroke at the porter, that he staggered a dozen paces backward, fell, and rolled in the dirt all bruised, and his arm dislocated.

Paul

Paul Tirconnel, not a whit milder than Chandos, sets spurs to his horse, that rushing like a tempest, drives over the other porter, who raising his head with surprize at what had happened, is saluted by a kick on the side of the face, which tumbles him a companion in dirt, and bruises, with his sprawling brother.

Thus in provincial towns, a young shewy officer, a buck, a blood, runs to figure at the play house, and if the door-keeper refuse him admittance, because he has not paid, the young hector trims the poor man with his stick, forces his way into a box, and there sitting in bold defiance to decency and good manners, disturbs the audience by hissing the performers.

The English attendants follow their masters into the square of the castle. The old lady runs down quite disconsolate at the thoughts of the mishaps that were to befall such bold adventurers. Corifandra scared by the noise she had heard, puts on a petticoat in a hurry,

and runs out of the chamber to see what was the cause.

Chandos having made a short compliment to the old gentlewoman and others of the castle, according to the Laconic fashion of his country, where they are very niggard of speech, was smitten with Corisandra's innocent beauty, and lovely complexion, whereon the lillies and roses rivalled each other, as well as with her ivory arms, and budding breasts, that nature took delight in forming.

"Zounds," (swore Chandos) "what a happy adventure I shall have here," as Corisandra cast her unmeaning eyes upon him, which he vainly construed into a liking of his person. Tirconnel a professed woman's man, said to Corisandra and her grandmother, all the fine things practiced on such occurrences, accompanied with tender oglings. But what was the consequence? they both ran mad.

Chandos in his phrenzy, imagining himself a jockey, and native of Normandy, takes the young lady for a horse, wants

wants to put on a saddle, bridle, and to ride, gives a flap on her plump posteriors, and springs up as if to mount on horse-back. Scared Corifandra roars for her help, and drops under Chandos on her knees.

Tirconnel seized with another kind of madness, fancies himself a vintner, and takes the frightened girl as she was squatted on her knees, for a wine-cask, which he thought proper to tap, in order to draw off the liquor to bottle it.

Chandos making all the movements of a man on horseback, cries to Tirconnel "by G—d you are mad; some devil I believe has disordered your brain. How the plague comes it into your head to take my horse with so fine a mane for a cask?—It is you are the fool replies Tirconnel, to take my cask for a horse; S' blood here I will shew you the bung that belong to it.—Nonsense I say it is my horse—Why I tell you fool, it is my cask."

They were both equally right in their assertions. Each supported his ri-

diculous opinion, with as much warmth as a cholerick monk disputes in behalf of his scapulary ; D'oivet in the cause of Cicero : and all translators for the excellence of their originals.

They gave each other the lie over and over, and made use of such words as modesty forbids me to indite. From words they proceeded to menaces, and flourishing their sabres at each other, threatened mutually instant destruction one to the other, if he would not desist from his absurd pretensions.

As at first a springing gale of wind but weakly murmurs, then swells to a tremendous roaring, and makes the chafed billows toss ships about like sportive balls, spreading horror all around ; so the two English heroes, who at first but joked, proceeded thence to anger, and in their full delirium meant each other's death.

They both put themselves in guard, in a posture of defence, and in a like attitude, with arms extended in a right line, head erect, and body in profile. They begin with feeling for each other's
heroic

heroic skins in cart and tierce, but impatience of observing the art of schools, they drive furiously without any order, and make horrid gashes, where they strike their keen-edged blades.

The one-eyed companions of the grim-visaged sooty cuckold, who presides over the burning furnace of mount Ætna, do not make fire so frequently sparkle from under the accelerated blows of their ponderous hammers, when they are preparing his artillery for the thundering jove, whose empty rumbling mortals laugh at, as do the swords of Chandos and Tirconnel, wielded about with lightning-swiftness.

The blood streams on both sides from the many wounds in their arms, neck, and head; yet not a groan is extorted from either. The old gentlewoman bewails the mischief she is spectatress of, and would, if she durst attempt it, take off their armour.

All that she can for them both, she does, offers up a Pater, and calls for a confessor. In the mean miss Corisandra, in a state of foolish languor,

unaffected by the scene of blood before her, is solely employed in settling her cap which they had towzled, and holding out her breasts, as young misses are taught to do at boarding-schools.

The two English heroes all over blood and wounds, quite spent with the fatigue of fighting, were fallen on the ground, and there lay stretched. In the very moment the king of France arrives, attended by a numerous and brilliant escorte of lance-bearing heroes, each carrying his belle behind him; they could equally form a court worthy of Venus or of Mars.

The handsome idiot advances to receive them, makes a very low curtsy in a very awkward manner, coldly bids them good day, and looks on the grand retinue with the greatest air of indifference. She was so far a philosopher as not to be moved by any thing.

Is it not a matter of surprize, that such a dangerous poison should be contained in the spiritless unmeaning eyes of Corisandra, as that the heads of the gallant French

French should be disordered thereby, she scarcely deigning to favour them with a look even of indifference.

The various gifts of heaven, so copiously showered upon mortals, have different effects, according to the places where they fall; and receive a particular warping from the diversity of characters. Grace for example does not operate alike in all.

The same radical moisture with which the earth nourishes and dilates the seeds of plants, pushes forth pinks, thistles, and roses. D'Argens fights for the same cause that makes D'Arget smile; Maupertius publishes his nugatory systems, from the same motives that Newton communicated to the world his learned hypotheses. A certain monarch in Europe, makes his soldiers serve him in a double capacity, as catamites at home, and combatants in the field of battle.

There is no fixed standard for any thing. An English brain thinks in quite another manner from a French one. Mens thoughts in general are tinged with

with the manners of their respective countries. Among the English, whose minds are of stubborn and melancholy cast, their follies are splenetic and gloomy; but among the shuttlecock dancing French, folly is all alive and merry.

According to this national character, the French taking each other by the hand, danced around, singing catches in full chorus. Clumsy Bonneau capered as well as he could; out of breath, as out of time. The reverend Bonifoux with his breviary in hand, danced with the crowd of fools, but in somewhat more solemn steps, and keeping close to the page. From the smiles, tender expressions, languishing looks, gestures, and tone of voice, the father might be suspected to have retained some glimpse of reason, at least more than any of his company.

The epidemic madness which had fascinated the eyes of this royal and dancing mob, made them take the area before the castle for a garden, with a large basin of water in it; and unanimously

nimously resolving to bathe therein, they strip, throw themselves on their bellies, hold up their heads, strike out their hands, and push forward as if swimming in water. The courteous reader is to observe, that in this imaginary swimming, the monk was always near the handsome page, as if drawn after him by attraction.

The three chaste heroines, Dorothea, Agnes, and Joan, at the sight of such a crowd of mad-heads, strange objects, and so many naked things, turned for awhile their modest eyes another way. But soon instigated by female curiosity, they could not help stealing a side look, for which they strait corrected themselves, raising their eyes, hearts and hands to heaven, imploring that the poor lunaticks might be restored to their former sanity of mind.

Intrepid Joan, more deeply affected by this catastrophe than the other two, thus expressed herself on the melancholy occasion, “is it for this that I have had the assistance of saint Denis and my
 als,”

als? Is it for this that I have defeated the profane English who assaulted me? Is it for this shameful period, that I have revenged my prince's honour, rescued convents from the hands of ravishers, and have marched towards the walls of Orleans? Alas my labours are all frustrated, since by a decree of adverse destiny our heroes are all run mad."

While Joan thus vented her grief a part, mild Agnes, and gentle Dorothea remained near the grass-swimmers, at one time lamenting their disaster, and at another tittering at what they saw exhibited by the frantic band of heroes, with the gallic monarch at their head.

The three poor ladies did not know what to resolve on; how to get away their company from thence; or, in short, what party to take. They began to regret the castle of Cutendre, when a servant maid informed them of the only remedy to cure those struck with madness by seeing Corisandra. The purport of her information was; that
by

by a decree of providence, whoever should lose their senses by entering that castle, should never recover them, until Corifandra had previously undergone the pressure of Love.

This useful intimation was not lost, for by good luck it was overheard by the mule-driver, whose inextinguishable lust for Joan d'Arc, and jealousy of the ass, had made him discreetly and unobservedly follow her thither.

He resolved to distinguish himself on that critical exigence, and render a signal service to his country, and his prince. He quickly discovered Corifandra retired in a corner commodious for the mystic doctrine he meant to insinuate into her.

He ran up to the silly wench full of vigour, and fired with zeal for his prince. Those who saw him run to Corifandra thought him mad, but he was the only wise man there. O happy mule-driver, how largely has nature overpaid you in your pleasurable appendages, for the low station of life you have been condemned to drudge in. He
lays

lays Corisandra on her back ; and without delay applies the battering ram which no virgin barriers can oppose. All maiden impediments crack and give way as he impells, and in the fore stretched cavity he soon plunges to the hilt his monstrous longitude.

The attack was so sudden, that Corisandra could not offer the least defence, and if she had, it would have been to no purpose. In a kind of convulsed state, her fists clenched close, her teeth drawn tight together, and her feet as if violently cramped, she underwent the vigorous and resistless compression ; unable to speak, see, or hear, she offered up mental ejaculations to all the saints, hoping that her ravisher would burst his kidneys in this act of violation.

O miracle, no sooner was the deed done, than Corisandra from an Idiot was become notable. She had scarce felt the blissful infusion, when the gloom of ignorance which had so obscured her youth was quite dispelled. The fascination of all the strangers immediately

mediately ceased. Every brain was set to rights ; but with some little alteration.

To king Charles was transferred the slow understanding of old Bonneau, who had obtained that of the monk. Nay a general truck of intellects was made among the gallant knights. There was not any considerable loss or gain by the changes. For human reason, that present from above, after all, is no such mighty matter. It is commonly poured down upon the general mass of mankind, and each individual is satisfied with his dose.

However this alteration produced no change in the lovers towards their mistresses ; each man adhered to his former passion, and the reason is plain : of what use is common sense in love ?

Corisandra was the greatest gainer of any. She having acquired a knowledge of the world, of good, and of evil, besides a becoming assurance, and a relish for all the arts of pleasing, which varied happiness she was ignorant of during her dull days
of

of innocence. And to the mule-driver was solely obliged for her happy transformation.

Thus the companion of old father Adam, infipidly faunterd away her time in Eden's bowers, till she had been rubbed close by lucifer, from which friendly intercourse she became beautiful, enlightened, and endowed with all the cunning arts since derived from her to the female sex. But the ladies of our days are so early knowing in all articles, that there is no need of the devil's coming to instruct them.

The TWENTIETH B O O K.

*The wicked Attempt of John Chandos,
on the devout Dorothea. De la Tri-
mouille and Chandos fight.*

HA I L sacred pleasure ; genial pa-
rent of nature, blissful Venus,
the sole divinity invoked by Grecian
Epicurus to inspire him for his noble
works. It was by thy powerful energy
that light and order dissipated the ob-
scure confusion of chaos. Existence,
Fecundity, sentiment, and happiness, all
flow from thee. It is thy prolific voice
calls into life the succeeding gene-
rations.

Thunder-darting Jove throws aside
his bolts, and Mars his spear, in order
to pay homage to thy beauties, often
preferring the circle of thy arms to
their immortal thrones.

No tempests ravage those happy cli-
mates on which you smile. When you
appear, the angry billows subside into a
smooth

smooth and glassy surface. Where you walk, flowers instantly spring up. The attendant pleasures accompany your graceful steps.

Fountain of all tenderness, O joy-diffusing Venus, protect the gallic monarch while he defends his country; at the same time ward from all danger his beloved Agnes. Near him let her be preserved in safety. For those two lovers this ardent prayer is offered.

This invocation is not made to thee in behalf of Joan d'Arc on any account; for she is no subject to thy empire. She moreover hath her maiden-head, and is under the guidance of saint Denis, therefore let his saintship take care of her.

But, O goddess! who can decline offering up a short prayer to you, in behalf of La Trimonille, and Dorothea, whom bless with your choicest favours. May their fond hearts enjoy a peaceful union; may no blind stroke of fortune separate them; nevermore let her be exposed to the horrors of such a persecution as that she suffered at Milan.

Who

Who can relate thy wonders? enchanting Venus! by the witchery of love thou hast made a mule-driver the instrument to new form to tenderness, the formerly rude and savage heart of Corisandra. From that vigorous encounter she dates her happiness; for ever since she is become gentle, intelligent, and attractive. No belle is readier to offer sacrifices on thy altar. She is now a compleat mistress in the art of pleasing, enjoying, and forming agreeable attachments, which are so productive of mutual delight. Thus by the rough hand of a hard working artist are polished, gold, and all precious stones, with which knights are so proud to adorn their habiliments.

In consequence of the happy change wrought by the mule-driver, the enlightened miss Corisandra does all the honours of the castle, first to the brilliant French, whose warlike bands have been always remarkable for heroism and gallantry. She began with the new possessor of Bonneau's late understanding, the king. Her next
care

care was to negotiate a pacifick agreement between his majesty, and Chandos the snarling heroe of England.

She with great address made both parties consent to march different ways from the castle, in order to avoid all reproachful language, or cause of quarrel whatever. One was to file off on the right ; the other on the left, having the river Loire between them.

This article being agreed on, the obliging Corisandra set about entertaining the two parties, according to the particular taste of their nations. For the English she had prepared large pieces of roast-beef swimming in butter, several lusty plumb-puddings, and a considerable quantity of Bordeaux wine.

The dishes prepared for the French contained viands of a more exquisite taste, heightend by an enlivening sauce that twitches the tongue and palate in a pleasing manner. A number of scarlet legged patridges were served which were a feast for his majesty, as well as

to all the nobles and belles that composed his itinerant court.

As soon as Chandos had drunk his bottle, he decamped, and marched at the head of his followers along the banks of Loire, swearing from time to time, he would make good his claim on the maid of Orleans the first time he should meet her. In default of which for the present, his page was obliged to supply.

About this time Joan returned with reanimated courage, and ranked herself near Dunois. The French king environed by his blue guards, sailed up the river, Agnes before, his confessor behind him. But they had scarce made a league through a most delicious country when they reached an old wooden bridge built upon boats, by means whereof a communication was kept up between the inhabitants on both sides of the river.

It happened to be Sunday. And from a little chapel built at one end of the bridge, the loud sacerdotal voice of a sandal-wearing hermit was heard saying mass,

mass, a child answering him. King Charles and his attendants had taken care to hear mass early in the morning before they departed from the castle of Cutendre.

But Dorothea in grateful return to providence for having delivered her innocence from the imminent danger she was exposed to, by the interposition of the valiant Dunois, through which miraculous means her love was preserved inviolate, ever after heard at least two masses.

She gets out of the boat in devout haste, tucks up her gown that it may not be dirtied ; crosses and sprinkles her face with holy water ; drops on her delicate knees ; joins her lilly white hands, and bows down her snowy neck. The hermit in turning about from the altar, was so struck with the unexpected sight, that quite dazzled, and beside himself, instead of saying *Fratres, oramus*, (brethren let us pray) He cried out, his eyes rolling in a pious phrenzy—*Fratres qu'elle est belle !* “ ah my brethren what a pretty wench !”

Who

Who in the name of mischief should come into this little chapel but Chandos, not through any motive of devotion, but to lunge away time, and make game. He walks backwards and forwards with an air of erect impudence, whistling as he goes, and salutes in a careless manner Trimonille's Dorothea. He at last kneels down behind her, but not with any intention of saying either a Pater, or Ave!

The pretty devotee was pouring out her tender heart in repeated acts of contrition, and by a sudden impulse of grace prostrated herself. In which attitude of humiliation her forenead touching the ground, her postern parts were raised.

It happened unluckily that her short petticoat having been tucked too high, Chandos had a full view of two most beautiful limbs; such as Cupid has supplied Pompadour with, and will one day be represented in ivory as a present to some convent. Acteon did not see more beautiful when he discovered those of Diana.

Chandos

Chandos who at that time thought of nothing less than of praying, was instigated by a most profane desire; and losing all respect for the holy place, he was in, slips his insolent hand under her white fatten petticoat.

Far be it from me to offend the modesty of my readers, by painting with an indelicate pencil, the great Chandos's impudent attempt on a devout young lady, and in so sacred a place.

In the mean time La Trimouille having missed the dear object of his love, conjectured that she was gone to the chapel, whither he repaired immediately; and entered it as the priest was turning about, and Chandos taking brutal freedoms with the handsomest back and—Poor Dorothea scared out of her wits, shrieked in a most lamentable manner.

I should be glad to see represented in a piece by one of our famous painters, the differently surprized countenances of those four so differently affected personages. La Trimonille speaks to Chandos in a rebuking stile.

“ Shame

“ Shame betide thee discourteous knight. How couldst thou dare be guilty of such atrocious behaviour in such a place? but English brutality knows no bounds. Impious profaner, to dare proceed to acts of turpitude in the sanctum sanctorum!”

Chandos having got up and made towards the door, replies in a most gibing and insulting manner. “ What is that to thee fellow, art thou the vestry-keeper?—I am more than vestry-keeper, answered La Trimouille, I am not only the lover of, but mutually beloved by this fair lady. Whose nice honour (which has been too often attacked) it is my duty to defend, and revenge all insults offered thereto.

The English heroe rejoins with a plegmatic sneer, “ in attempting to defend her honour on this occasion, you will very likely endanger your own. We know what each of us can do; and though John Chandos hath a hawks eye for a fine back, he will never shew his own, I tell you that.”

E

The

The courteous Frenchman, and the scoffing Briton, order their war-horses to be made ready for immediate action. Each having received from the hands of their attendant squires a long spear, and round buckler, they mount their armed steeds. The cries of Dorothea have no power to stop the combatants in full career. La Trimouille however, says these comforting words to her, "sweet soul, it is to revenge your injuries that I have armed, and entered the lists; and for which I shall have ample vengeance, or perish in the attempt."

He was mistaken however, for his courage and spear shone to no purpose that day, either in the behalf of France or of his mistress. Although he had shattered John Chandos's breast plate, and was just on the point to ensure victory, his horse fell, and rolling upon him, dashed his helmet with a kick, and wounded him deeply in the forehead. His blood streaming out on the grass, the hermit runs to, and thinking

ing him a dying man, cries out, "in manus tuas domine commendo spiritum meum, &c. into thy hands O Lord I commend my spirit, and was about to hear his confession, in order to send him clean out of this sinful world.

No grief can equal that of Dorothea's, she dropt down by her lover, and to all appearance lay dead for a while. But as she recovered, and as soon as able to speak, thus she uttered the anguish of her mind. "My dear La Trimouille, 'tis Dorothea kills you; it is your not being able to bear her absence a moment brings you to your end. Ah wretched me! why did I go from you? This fatal chapel is the cause of your death and my ruin. Learn from me ye lovely fair ones, the danger of hearing two masses in one day, for thereby I have at once betrayed La Trimouille and love."

While afflicted Dorothea poured out tender complaints for her bleeding lover, Chandos enjoyed the whole with a laugh of triumph. "Well my gal-

lant French hero, the flower of
 knighthood, and thou pretty devotee,
 as already united in love, so shall you
 jointly be my prisoners. Such is the re-
 vered law of combating. With me
 you must go; and yon conquered he-
 ro, who is by right my captive, shall
 by me ere night be dubbed a cuckold.

The TWENTY FIRST BOOK.

Dunois undertakes the Defence of La Trimouille, fights Chandos, and kills him.

THOUGH to inconsiderate mortals, heaven may sometimes appear tardigaited in it's vengeance, yet it punishes at last all criminal excesses. The manifold crimes of John Chandos cried aloud for chastisement. The several violations committed by him on girls and boys. His impieties, blasphemies, impenitence; in fine, the whole catalogue of sins being put into the scale with him, he was weighed by the angel of death.

Dunois from the other side of the river had beheld the combat and the mishap of La Trimouille. He saw the disconsolate Dorothea hold him in her arms, quite languishing and faint by loss of blood. The hermit muttering (prayers perhaps for the distressed) stood

near them in a devout attitude, while John Chandos insultingly paraded.

At sight of such interesting objects, Dunois put spurs to his palfrey, and gallops to them in full speed. It being the custom in Albion, to call every thing by it's name ; as soon as Dunois was come up, and within reach of the conqueror, he was complimented by him with a box on the ear, and the civil appellation of “ you son of a whore.”

“ I am so ; replied the brave Dunois, so were Alcides, and the divine Bacchus, happy Perseus, and mighty Romulus, who delivered the world of all powerful robbers that then infested it. In glorious imitation of them I propose to act this day. Remember, unmannered English dog, that thy country has been conquered by a bastard of Normandy. His victorious arm reduced England to bondage ; then tremble at the name. But thou illustrious bastard of the thunderer, be propitious to me now ; guide my lance, direct my blows. Honour demands it of thee, that this
haughty

haughty Englishman may be punished for the joint insult offered to us in the name of bastard."

This prayer was somewhat out of place. It proved indeed that Dunois was deep read in profane history. The sacred one had never any charms for him.

He applies his spurs to the sides of his noble palfrey, and bears upon the foe. With the first blow he drives his well pointed lance through Chandos's armour, and breaks off a part of the neck's defence, just where the helmet and corselet are joined together.

Chandos in immediate return, lets fly at him a most furious blow, which striking on the vaulted part of Dunois's impenetrable buckler, slips aside, whereupon, as the two heroes were passing by, they snatch at, and grapple each other. Their coursers shoot from under them, and run wildly over the fields, having left their heroic incumbrances behind them, glittering on the ground.

E 4

As

As in dreadful earthquakes, large rocky fragments detached and shook off from a lofty mountains top, making a hideous roar, tumble upon each other into the affrighted valley. Such was the fall of these two combatants, whose encreasing anger supplies new force to their athletic exertions. They hold each other fast, and by their struggles bruise the earth they are fallen upon.

Eccho returns their noise, and is scared at the very repetition of it. The air is in a most violent agitation. The groans of the rural nymphs are heard all around. Thus, when the God of war armed with fury, covered with blood, and attended by terror, descended from heaven to defend his favourites, who lived along the banks of Scamander; and Pallas brought against him an hundred confederated kings, into whom she infused her spirit; earth shook to it's foundation in the horrid conflict. The waters of Acheron felt a dire confusion; and startled Pluto, gloomy sovereign of the infernal regions began to fear for his empire.

The

The two heroes at last disengage themselves and spring up on the ground, looking at each other with eyes that flash resentment. They draw their swords, and hurl them so tempestuously, that the steel covering of both the champions was soon cut through.

Blood gushes from their many wounds, and crimson streamstinged with a blackish iron hue flow on every side. The anxious spectators form a circle round them, and are so intent, that they can move neither head, nor eye, nor tongue, nay can scarcely draw their breath.

A crowd of beholders is an useful incentive to courage. The eye of the public is the surest spur to glorious achievements. So it happened here, for what these two chieftains had hitherto done, was only a skirmishing prelude to this famous combat, which will for ever flourish in the archives of fame.

Achilles, Hector, all the demi-Gods, nay modern grenadiers, far more terrible than they, and enraged lions still more formidable than those we have

mentioned, are nothing to the bastard and Chandos, for rage, fury, and determined destruction.

After all the deeds of prowess that could be performed, Dunois makes a lucky effort, joining art to his strength: (for Chandos having made a blow that struck somewhat wide) by a back-handed stroke, on the instant, he makes the sword fly out of his hand, then Dunois darting his leg before that of Chandos, tripped him up, and felled him on the ground drenched with their blood.

Chandos in falling took care to drag his antagonist down with him, they tumble about all covered with blood and dirt, Dunois uppermost. His gentle nature detesting to triumph in a brutish manner over a fallen enemy, having pressed Chandos with his knee, says to him, "yield Chandos," not I by G—d quoth he, "or if I do it shall be thus," strait pulls out (his last resource) a Stiletto, and taking aim with his strong arm, plies it home at the neck of his gentle conqueror, but the death

death dealing point was luckily broke by an interposing mail.

Dunois, justly incensed at such ingratitude, rebukes Chandos, "since thou wilt provoke thy fate, have at thee monster," and without more ado, near to the collar bone plunges his sword up to the hilt in him.

Chandos, in the most violent agonies of death, cries "you son of a whore."—His blood-thirsty ferocious, and inhuman heart does not relent in his last moments. A gloomy horror settling on his fore-head and dying eyes, he with unavailing gestures still threatens his conqueror. His inflexible, impious, and implacable soul plunges into hell, there to bid Lucifer defiance. Thus died as he lived, the cruel Chandos, slain by the sword of Dunois.

The generous conqueror disdains to take his spoil, a custom shamefully practiced by the Greeks more famous than they deserve to be. Dunois's thoughts are all employed on friendship and La Trimouille, now rescued through his bravery. And this is the
second

second time he proves fair Dorothea's deliverer.

She kindly supports her lover as he drags his tottering steps along, who receives new vigour from the fond squeezes of her hand, and almost forgets that he had been wounded by any other force than that of her bright eyes, the twin stars of his adoration. The more he gazes on them, the more he feels new vigour springing within him.

Afflicted Dorothea, who had hitherto been immersed in grief, felt her bosom gladdened with a return of joy, on seeing La Trimouille recover. Her eyes clear up, and smiles of satisfaction beam on her countenance, lately over-cast with grief. Thus the sun's penetrating rays dart along in pleasing streaks on an interposing cloud that had for some time veiled his glory from our eyes.

The French king, his charming mistress, Joan d'Arc, &c. embrace one after the other, the happy Dunois, whose victorious arm had revenged the honour of love and of his country. They all admired the modesty of his deportment,

deportment, and answers on so flattering an occasion. Though it may be easily done, it is very pleasing to all to see the great behave with modesty.

Joan could not help being somewhat jealous, (which she concealed) that the miscreant Chandos should have fallen by any other sword than hers; not unmindful of the double affront he put on her in the castle of Cutendre, by first knocking her down; and then—doing nothing!

The

The TWENTY SECOND BOOK.

The Entertainment at the Town-House of Orleans. Charles Attacks the English. The Adventure of Agnes, &c.

I WOULD that in this history, which ought to be written in golden characters in the temple of memory, nothing were exhibited but glorious achievements, such as the crowning the king in Orleans by Joan d'Arc, by love, and by glory.

I repent having mispent so much time in relating what happened in the castle of Cutendre, the arch tricks of the page, the lustful rage of friar Grifbourdon, and the mule-driver, with several other intervening articles which have quite broke the thread of my narrative.

But I plead precedents for what I have done. And should this reply not prove sufficient to allay the severity of criticism ; stern objectors may skip over one half of this book, which deals so largely in enchanted story. But let them

them however respect the true parts of it.

O sacred truth, when will your power be sufficiently established. Since all certain instruction derives from you alone, why have you chosen to fix your palace in the bottom of a well? when do you mean to be drawn up in a bucket from thence?

O say fair goddess, when shall our learned men, free from gall, from sect or party madness, give us a faithful chronicle of the lives and exploits of the great heroes then engaged at the siege of Orleans?

How commendable is Ariosto, for having quoted archbishop Turpin! So admirable a voucher for his divine work, could not then, nor can it now fail of insuring to it the belief of all rational readers.

But to leave off prefacing, and come to the point. The French monarch Charles, greatly agitated by his situation, was on his road to Orleans, environed by a brilliant band, whose arms and habi-

habiliments were of the greatest magnificence.

The king condescended to ask Dunois' counsel about what would be the best plan to follow in the then crisis of affairs. Kings in misfortunes are docile and tractable, but quite the reverse when otherwise.

Charles fancied that Agnes and Bonifoux were following at some distance; and soothed with the flattering hope, the enamoured prince often stops and looks back to see his Agnes. When Dunois laying schemes for succeeding, mentions Orleans to his prince, the prince calls on Agnes.

Dunois whose active prudence was solely occupied by whatever might contribute to the advantage of France, discovered in the evening a little fort which had been neglected by Bedford. This fort lay contiguous to the besieged city.

Dunois takes it; the king fortifies himself therein. It was the magazine of the besiegers. The bloody God of war, and the jolly God of mirth, had disputed

disputed with each other the honour of filling this place most; the one with artillery, the other with good stout wine.

In the narrow precincts of this fort were found all the dreadful apparatus of war, and all the articles of good living. How happy were Dunois and Bonneau made by this discovery, each finding wherewithal to indulge his favourite passion.

The city of Orleans having received the news of this little fort being taken, and of the useful magazines found therein, offer up most solemn thanks to the Almighty. A Te Deum was sung in great ceremony before those who composed the body of the city.

After which they repaired to the copious entertainment of a splendid dinner prepared for them on this occasion. The mayor of the city, the bishops, the canons, and officers were all invited. Where all, their glasses in their hands, drank the king's health on their knees.

An

An artificial firework was played off on the water, by which the air was illumined all around. The acclamations of the people joined to the reiterated roarings of the canon, proclaimed to the world that king Charles restored to his people, would speedily recover whatever he had lost.

But the songs of triumph, and the shouts of joy were soon interrupted by the wailings of distress. All ears are stunned on a sudden by the name of Bedford. The universal cry is, "alert, alert, haste to the city-walls," defend the breach, for that way the enemy and slaughter approach."

The English prudently made choice of that time to attack the French, when the burghers of Orleans having emptied their bottles, and being free from all care, were singing songs in praise of their prince, and dancing to the tunes.

Under the gate a faucisson was laid, whose combustible contents upon the application of fire make an explosive burst, that breaks through all opposition, fill-

ing the air with whirled up earth. Horrible, death dealing, and infernal machine! that in its womb contained a latent fire which had been baked by Lucifer. The match that had been laid with skill having burnt to it; the fiery convulsion springs up and throws a thousand paces distant, all broken to fitters, the timber, hinges, and all other iron works of the gate.

The valiant Talbot immediately rushes through, stimulated by rage, success, glory, and love. For he had been a long time secretly enamoured of president Louvets dear half. This handsome Englishman, a kind son of Mars, leads on his bold Britons, whom he thus encourages.

“Victorious companions, come follow me with fire and sword. Let us spread havoc wherever we go. Let us drink the good wine of those cowardly burghers of Orleans. Let us strip them of their gold, and kiss all their wives.”

Never did Julius Cæsar, whose vaunted eloquence used to inspire his troops

troops with courage and a love of fame, speak more to the purpose than Talbot did.

On the spot, which the city gates all in flames as it was blown up, covered with a thick smoak, stood a rampart of stone and earth, that had been there erected by the order of La Hire and Poton. The parapet (which had been well supplied with artillery, in order to repel the first attacks of formidable Bedford) vomits terror and death all around.

There Poton and La Hire command, a whole people follows them, the cannon roars, and in it's intervals of silence, the tremendous word, kill, kill, is ecchoed every where. Crowds of the enemy press upward on the scaling ladders fixed against the wall, one pushing on the other.

In the midst of so urgent a danger Poton and La Hire displayed that presence of mind for which they had been always famous. As they had prudently foreseen whatever might happen in the vicissitudes of an attack, so had they
come

[117]
come fully provided for all exigencies.

Boiling oil, and burning pitch, a forest of javelins with barbed points, large scythes not unlike that of death, and muskets that discharge leaden volleys through the air; in short all that art and necessity, distress, and intrepidity, or that fear can suggest, were employed in this day of slaughter.

How many Englishmen were boiled, pierced like sieves, and cut to pieces. The air is filled with the groans of the dying, and the earth is covered with heaps of slain, whole ranks being cut down one after the other. Thus ripened corn is soon levelled on the field by a croud of active reapers.

The attack is obstinately supported by the English, for no sooner is a rank of theirs mowed down, than another succeeds to it. The menacing heads of the frightful Hydra, which as fast as cut off, others springing up instantly in chairs, struck terror into the son of mighty Jove.

In

In such a manner did the English behave, tremendous even when overpowered by numbers, still menacing their enemy as they expired. It was then that you brave Richemond, worthy support of Orleans, advanced towards this rampart drenched with human blood. Five hundred burghers chosen for their courage followed you, with not over-steady steps, occasioned by the quantity of wine they had drunk at the late rejoicing, and whose juice still fermenting in their stomachs, illuminated their faces with crimson hue.

Richemond thunders in their ears :
 “ Alas, my poor burghers of Orleans, you have now no gate to your city ; but you have me ; that is enough, let us on to the enemy ! ” Having spoke, he marches hastily towards the English.

Already Talbot had made himself a passage on the top of the wall ; already, his terrible arm guided by the dictates of his rage had committed havoc. He orders his soldiers to advance ; and makes a lodgement in your last asylum, O unfortunate Orleans !

Unhappy

Unhappy Charles retired within the fort, which being unluckily surrounded by English, could not march to succour the attacked city. By his speech appeared the distracted state of his mind.

“O cruel situation to be in an impossibility of succouring those faithful subjects whom I see slaughtered before my eyes! With loyal songs they celebrated the return of their rightful sovereign, and I was just on the point of entering the city, to mingle in the fight, and perhaps rescue them from the English yolk. But in vain are my warlike dispositions in their behalf, while adverse fortune confines me in this Fort.”

“No my liege, (replied Joan D’Arc) you shall no longer remain confined here. This is the very time to sally forth. Come, lead us on, and by a signal stroke of generalship, put the haughty English between Orleans and us. Do you only march out my prince, you will save the city. For tho’ we be but few in number, your presence is equal to a thousand combatants.”

How-

“How now, (says the monarch) I see Joan you understand the art of flattery. Although I have no mighty opinion of myself, yet will I sally forth, in order to merit the joint esteem of you, of France, and even of my enemies.”

Having made this noble declaration, and worthy of a king, he sets spurs to his horse, and advances towards the English forces, the oriflame carried before him. Joan and Dunois ride beside him. His retinue follow, and nothing is heard all around but repeated shouts of—the king, Montjoi, and saint Denis for ever.

Charles, Dunois, and the brave champions charge the English in the rear. Thus from those high mountains whose bowels are the vast reservoirs of the Danube and the Rhine, the imperial eagle with out-stretched wings, piercing eyes, and pointed talons darts down upon a falcon fastened on a herons neck.

The surprized English fancying that they saw an army approach, descend from the alarmed city; whose inhabitants encouraged by the sudden flight of the enemy

enemy descend after them. A little farther on, Charles spreading carnage all around, forces his way into the enemy's camp.

Now the late besiegers are in their turn besieged, they are attacked and butchered both in front and rear, and the slaughtered crowds fill up their own trenches. The dead bodies and their arms were so heaped together as to form a new rampart.

In the midst of this horrible and bloody fray, the king says to Dunois, "Thou miracle of bastardy, tell me for heaven's sake, whither the dear creature is gone." Who? cries Dunois—The king replies, "Don't you know what is become of her?"—Of whom? asks Dunois. The king rejoins, "Alas she disappeared last night, before our good fortune conducted us to the castle of Bedford. For therein we entered without her."

Joan d'Arc said, "We shall find her yet--Grant kind heaven (prays the king) that she continue faithful; O preserve her for me."—Though he talked thus ro-

F

matically,

mantically, he continued fighting, and drove the enemy before him.

Would that I were blest with poetic power sufficient to celebrate in sounding verse, the many heroic deeds of that important day. But Homer alone is privileged to enter into a detail of all manner of exploits and adventures; to spin them out as much as he pleases; and to repeat them as often as he lists.

He may without incurring censure, make a computation of the number of blows given in an action, and of the wounds received. In relating the combat of Hector, he can interlard his narrative with many more. By such multitudinous stories, he has found the secret of pleasing.

Although I shall say no more now of what happened in the field of battle; I cannot help informing my readers of other dangers, with which Agnes Sorel's cruel destiny had environed her: while her royal lover was making such gigantic strides to glory.

As

As she journeyed on along the banks of the river Loire, and entered into familiar conversation with father Bonifoux; who discreet in his conduct, insinuating and mild in his address, told her some entertaining stories of the evil spirit that tempts frail humanity to sin. He avoided making any rigorous reflections thereon, in order to convey instruction under the mask of pleasure.

Not far from them La Trimouille and his lady Dorothea entertained each other with discoursing on their mutual passion, fidelity, and firm resolution to pass their lives together in his castle, dedicating every hour to Love.

Their road seemed to have been spread by nature's kind hand, with a green tapis and smooth as velvet. It was not unlike that famous meadow in which the swift-footed Atalanta used to exercise herself. Agnes draws near to, and travels with them on the downy springing verdure. The confessor devoutly follows his lady errant.

Thus they four beguiled the pleasing road in talking of piety, of war, and of love : then of the English ; and next of the devil. In continuing their talk they gradually lost sight of each other. Down thro' this enchanted earth each person and horse sunk gently, the feet first, the body next, and last the head.

Thus in the palace of him who had formerly been an author cardinal, in a certain opera several heroes are seen to sink through traps from the supposed surface of the earth, down to the infernal regions.

From the opposite side of the river Monrose who saw his beloved Agnes, felt a sudden temptation to pay his respectful devoirs to her. He scarce passed the bridge, when he was struck motionless, blind, and stiffened into a cold marble statue.

Paul Tirconnel having from afar observed this disaster, galloped up to give him succour. But when he came up to the fatal spot, he sunk down, as the others had done. They all fell into a large subterraneous space, which conducted

ducted them to the gates of a garden which is infinitely beyond that made by the command of Lewis the fourteenth, great-grand-father of the present French king, who is beloved by some, and despised by others.

The garden led to a magnificent palace, and worthy of it in every sense. This was the palace (I tremble at its very name) of Conculix, who there maintained his sovereign state. Alas poor Dorothea, Agnes, Bonifoux, what will become of you? what will now be your destiny?

The TWENTY THIRD BOOK.

*How Joan D'Arc fell into a strange
Temptation.*

WHAT a barbarous, merciless, and fatal passion to human society is revenge. It is an inborn torture; it is being possessed by an evil spirit: in fine, it is Lucifer's chief attribute.

The damned Grisborndon, terrible even at the bottom of his boiling cauldron, in the midst of the blasphemies he constantly poured out, ruminated on an occasion to be revenged on haughty Joan, who with the well-aimed blow of a back sword had severed his shorn head from his impious trunk.

Thus howled the monster, "O Belzebub! O my father! cannot you contrive by some means or other to make this impudent Joan be guilty of some heavy sin. For my part I think your honour is concerned so to do."

There

There needeth not much eloquence to persuade the primitive tempter of our race to follow his own trade. The curst artificer of all mischief ran up immediately to Orleans, to observe what his dearly beloved cousins of England were doing there; and to know at the same time, in what plight of body and mind Joan was.

After the late violent conflict, Charles, Dunois, and the vigorous amazon, overpowered by the fatigues of war, were returned to their fort, there to wait for a reinforcement.

The breach which had been made by the besiegers being stopped up, they could make no progress that way, wherefore they retired. The citizens of Orleans, king Charles, and Bedford, took a light supper each at their respective abodes and went to bed.

Muse whom I invoke to inspire me, tremble at the strange adventure I am going to relate, and which I mean to transmit to posterity. And you my courteous reader, on whom nature hath bestowed a true relish for pure
 F 4 love,

love, thank the good saint Denis, who by his timely intervention prevented the commission of a heinous sin.

You may also remember that I promised to relate to you one day the true history of the winged afs. Mortals at that time did not as yet know, what could have been the design of this flying quadruped when he bore away Dunois to Milan.

The truth of the matter is, this animal, all afs as he was, was notwithstanding jealous of the brave Dunois. For oft times as he carried Joan on his back, he felt in the bottom of his heart a vivifying spark of the tender passion.

All hail to thee O genial love, the spirit, soul, and actuating principle of this world, who in the air, on the earth, and in the watry element, engenderest and givest life to every being. O sacred fire of which as yet some straggling rays remain, in this almost exhausted world; you were purloined from heaven by Pandora.

But

But alas the resplendent flambeau which she brought down upon earth, is now almost extinct. All things have degenerated; the passions of man are faded, and enfeebled nature is now capable of only imperfect love. But if there yet be any bright remains of the original flame emanated from Venus, they must not be sought for among the votaries of Urania, nor even among the dwindled race of man; no, you must seek them among the ass-kind.

Ye pretty fellows, whose mistresses have bound ye with flowery wreathes. Ye who also have carried tender hearts under a cuirass or a cassock; and O all ye bishops, abbess, colonels, lawyers, men of fashion, and even ye more lascivious than all the forementioned, ye reverend cordeliers, what are ye all put in comparison with an ass for love-skirmishes? therefore look on all jack-asses hereafter with a jealous eye.

The golden ass so famous among the Latins for his metamorphosis, was nothing to the ass we speak of. For the former was but a man—, what mighty

matter? but this turned out quite another thing!

The robust Joan's ruddy complexion being refreshed by sleep, she indulged waking between the sheets and passed in review the high destiny of her life. The number of great exploits she had done, began to fill her with vanity, and make her attribute the merit thereof solely to herself; totally excluding her faithful guardian from any share of the glory.

Denis offended by such ingratitude, as, tho' a saint, it was very natural he should be, to punish the apostate, withdraws his protection from her, and leaves her for some moments exposed to the attacks of sensuality.

Denis through his excessive regard for Joan, was resolved that she should by her own experience know, how weak mortals are, when abandoned to themselves; and that particularly woman is always in want of a guide to make her keep the right way. The poor unthinking girl was ready to fall into a snare laid for her by the devil.

The

The strait road once quitted, women
run fast astray.

The evil spirit that is always on
the watch to do mankind harm, and
hovering round us continually, seized
on the proper moment for executing his
designs; he being every where. What
should he do, but insinuate himself
into the ass's carcase.

He communicated some of his own
genius, which taught the animal's tongue
to articulate, and made his polished voice
retain nothing of his former braying;
nay supplied him with all the delicate
addresses, and prevailing arguments such
as made to the fair mistresses of an Ovid,
or an Abelard.

The enlightened jack-ass being a-
bove all shame, runs up nimbly from
the stable to the foot of Joan's bed,
where stretched in pleasing indolence
she lay ruminating on her glorious
transactions.

The new wooer couching himself
gently by her bedside, declared that
as she surpassed her own sex in beauty,
so she did all the heroes for valour,
and was invincible. Thus at the in-
fancy

fancy of time, the sly serpent, being resolved to work the fall of our mother Eve, began his attack by paying her civil compliments and interesting himself in behalf of her superiority. Here, reader, you may observe that the art of pleasing took its rise from the talents of praising, that is flattery.

Joan d'Arc justly astonished at such a compliment, and from such an original, cries out, "O heaven, where am I? whom have I heard speak?" by saint Luke, by saint Mark, it is my ass I believe! it is, it is, O wonder! O prodigy! who could ever have imagined it? my ass speaks, ay and speaks prettily too!"

The new speeched quadruped being on his knees, and having composed his countenance suitable to the occasion, thus addressed the attentive maid. "O Joan d'Arc what you see is not the work of fascination. In seeing me you see the ass of Canaan. I was bred by old Balaam, amongst the pagans. Balaam was a priest, I a jew: and but for me, my kind master would have pro-

pronounced maledictions against the chosen people, which must have been productive of some great evil."

"Adonai rewarded my zeal, by giving me as a present to old Adam who was to enjoy immortal life; and so was I. For it had been ordered that the scissars of destiny should respect the thread of my days. In consequence of said decree, I enjoyed a perpetual spring in the garden of the first parents of humanity. Whenever Adam took an airing he rode me by preference to all other quadrupeds assigned to his subjection."

"There indulgent nature lavished her favours in our behalf. The master of the garden permitted me to do what I should please therein, and in return for such generous proceeding only exacted from me, that I should live chastely; which is a terrible drawback from the happiness of a jack-ass."

"Blooming in youth, and free from all restraint, I was at liberty to do whatever I liked, except making love to a female. Though hard the injunction, I fulfilled it better than the first man did his,

his, who lost all for the sake of eating an apple."

"I got the better of my temperament. The flesh was subdued, I knew none of love's weakness. In fine I lived a virgin life; and guess why, because there were no female asses in the garden. Thus free from temptation, and satisfied with my state, I enjoyed the calm sweets of celibacy for above one thousand years."

"At which time the thunderer who had called out heaven and earth from the confused heap of Chaos, thought it expedient, that in order to redeem the simple race of mortals, the deity should dwindle into a man, and what is still more degrading, into a jew."

"Mary the virgin-wife of Joseph, by the influencing spirit of the holy ghost, brought forth the man God, who tho' born in wedlock, was not in the vulgar sense its lawful issue. At his first setting out (as is usual with heavenly missionaries) he was followed by the populace, by women, children, Matthew, James, and others. For the deity

deity in order to punish pride, the bane of silly mortals, equally conceals himself from the self-dubbed wise and haughty grandees of this world."

"While the humble in heart piously followed the man of Nazareth, those who ruled the state turned him into ridicule. The court of Herod, and all the people of high life, made the common butt of their jokes this extraordinary being, which in their wanton mirth they called an incarnate and illegitimate deity. Pontius Pilate paid but very little respect to the flesh of this sacred personage."

"A few days before the cruel sentence of scourging him was passed, and a pole stuck in the ground for that purpose, he had resolved to make his public entry among the chosen people. It was a point of religious necessity on that occasion, that he should enter Sion mounted on an ass. His being mounted on that beast was absolutely necessary for the completion of the law, because foretold by Ezekiel, Baruch, and

and Jeremiah; and I dear Joan am that identical afs."

"An order having been dispatched from above to the mighty archangel, who was the inexorable Switz of the the fine garden to let me out, I shaped my course by divine instinct, in order to carry the human deity."

"The oracles were struck dumb by our presence. Every step we made was marked by a new miracle. Coughs, fevers, leprosies, in fine, all diseases ceased at our approach. Songs of thanksgiving were sung, wherever we went, the people shouting Hosanna. The rest of the history you and every good christian knows. The ungrateful Jews having crucified the man-deity that was come purposely down from heaven to save them and all mankind; he soon after rose up secretly from the dead."

"Constant in my attachment to the holy family, I remained with his mother, though but badly accoutred, and poorly fed. Mary indeed on the day of her assumption left me a pension for my

my support. I continued a quiet inhabitant of her house for ten centuries, until it's piety offended by the wickedness of the place it was then situated on, set a jogging, and travelled over seas to that happy shore enriched with the famous treasure of Loretto. There I served young maiden ladies devoted to heaven. They loved me, sweet creatures, and I in fact was more a virgin than they."

"But after a series of years, when the bully saint of England, George, an irreconcilable enemy to the French, from his natural fondness of being well mounted, insisted on his having an English courser; at the same time Martin of France, renowned for his cloak, had interest enough to have a good shewy horse: and Denis, who figured above among the celestials, resolved not to go on foot, while the other two saints were so well mounted."

"He therefore made choice of me to carry his faintship, came down, called me to him, and dressed me with a golden curry-comb. By special grace
for

for my past services, I was in an instant decorated with a pair of brilliant wings ; with whose assistance while the angels of the air set my late dwelling house a navigating on the sea, I flew up to the heavenly mansions."

"I there met John's eagle, and Matthew's ox, who received me very kindly. The emblem of innocence deigned to nip some of the celestial pasture with me. I took care on all occasions to pull down the pride of the insolent horse, that by an order of destiny is to carry Luther and Calvin alternately."

"Although I was every hour regaled with nectar and ambrosia, yet believe lovely Joan, what I am going to declare, that however happy the life I then led may appear to you, it was nothing to the happiness I now feel, in contemplating your powerful charms."

"The eagle, the ox, the horse, &c. are inferior to you in beauteous excellence. Of all the employments to which the favourable stars have raised me, what is the most agreeable to my taste, and what I think myself the most worthy

worthy of, is that of serving your ladyship."

"Although I have quitted the empyrean spaces and heavenly regions, by descending upon earth, I think I have raised my fortune. What has my foolish tongue uttered? I have not quitted heaven; I am there still, for your bright eyes make a heaven wherever they shine."

The ass having made so elegant a declaration of his passion; he seconded his flattering arguments, by a most energetic and inimitable gesture, such as had never been produced by Baron, Bourdaloue, or Massillon.

The interesting narrative, the miraculous detail, and the ingenious manner with which this courteous jack-ass told the history of his life and actions, but above all, his inimitable gestures and motions, made so sudden and lively an impression upon Joan, that she had never known a like effect from all the attacks of Dunois.

During the jack-ass's impudent harangue, the gallant Dunois who was lodged in the next room, had lent an attentive ear, and was quite amazed at the history

history he had heard, and the impudent propofal made to Joan.

Curiofity egged him on to know who this cogent fpeaker was, and what new Rival love had raifed againft him. He entered the room, and fees an object ftill more aftonifhing than all he had heard. He faw the long-eared figure of a braying animal, tho' he doubted, his eyes deceived him not. The formidable lance which was placed near Joan's bolfter, Dunois instantly feized.

The power of fatan fails before this heavenly instrument. The intrepid Dunois was going to cleave the wicked monster; but fcares Belzebub makes his escape through the window, carrying off with him his afs-enclofure, which he hurries through the air down to that caftle fo fatal to innocence; where Conculix then had in his power the beautiful Agnes, with feveral French and Englifh heroes, who having fallen into his wicked fnare, were detained prifoners by him.

This wicked Conculix ever fince the day that Dunois and Joan d'Arc had affronted him, and forced their way from

from his palace, would give no more succour to any unfortunate knights that fell within his clutches. On the contrary he gave them very rough treatment. He confined them in a dungeon. Whither repaired his long-robed chancellor, to communicate to the disconsolate company the arbitrary will of Conculix.

“Ladies and gentlemen, you are to fast, to drink water, and be whipped once a week, until some one male or female of you undertake a not very easy task, but by which the remaining five will be saved. It is to be enamoured of Conculix. His passion is to be beloved; which in my sense I think he deserves. If none of you can bring yourselves to have a passion for him, you know your sentence. Such is his pleasure.”

The chancellor having made known his master's will, retires. The prisoners hold a conference on their afflicting situation, and the disagreeable proposition. The essential point was to find out the one that would devote him or herself for the deliverance of the rest.

Agnes

Agnes declared, “ that she could not in conscience be susceptible of any new impulse from the arrows of Cupid, for that to love does not depend solely on ourselves, and that for her part she would continue faithful to her royal lover.”

As she concluded ; her eyes beautiful through tears could not help straying towards, and ogling the too lovely Monrose ; who on his side protested “ that he was in love with a fair maid, to whom he would not violate his vows of constancy for the immortal gods : that a thousand Conculixes could have no charms for him, and that he would very resignedly bear being whipped for the sake of her he loved.”

“ And I,” sighs Dorothea, “ could every day with pleasure be whipped for my dear lover’s sake. Love can take away the pain attendant on every torture. How can an enamoured pair, when together, feel any punishment ?” La Trimouille, quite enraptured by this fond declaration of Dorothea, falls on his knees to worship his dear goddess, and the rays of joy that she beamed on his

his soul dissipated the heavy affliction he was plunged in.

The confessor Bonifoux having hemmed three or four times, thus gravely explained himself, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been formerly young, but alas, that time is no more! age you see has wrinkled my forehead. Alas! what can I do to serve you? By my function I am a Dominican friar, and the king's confessor. It is then impossible for me to work your deliverance."

Paul Tirconnel's impetuous courage, tired of their several frivolous excuses, rose up, and said; "Well, well, I'll be the man to save you all." This laconic declaration gave new spirits to the prisoners, and made them feel the dawn of hope.

The next morning, to Conculix, then in the female state, Paul Tirconnel wrote a very tender love-letter, which he gave to the jailor's wife to deliver to the chancellor. And to give the greater zest to his letter, he sent with it an original, and very pretty madrigal.

The

The TWENTY FOURTH BOOK.

*President Louvet's Lady falls in Love
with Talbot; and Joan d'Arc with
Saint Denis's Ass.*

I Should now proceed to relate the terrible consequences of the infamous life Conculix led; what effect Tirconnel's effrontery produced; and also the strange yet salutary succour which was through the reverend friar procured for Dorothea, and handsome Sorel, to extricate them from the difficulties they laboured under.

I should also relate the passion, the exploits by which the ass carried off Joan d'Arc from Dunois; and how God punished the iniquitous ass through whom maiden Joan was deflowered by satan.

But let us not however lose sight of the siege of Orleans, the theatre of war, where so many valiant heroes were the actors, for that is the chief point we have in view.

O power-

O powerful god of love ! O human weakness ! how near by thy fatal means was the enemy to deprive France of its only rampart, at a time too when the English forces gave up all hopes of succeeding in any such attempt ; when even Bedford with all his experience, and Talbot with all his bravery, looked upon such an enterprize as impracticable !

Remember, readers, (and tremble,) how the fatal flame of love consumes your bosoms with a destructive fire ; and what is still worse, makes you hazard the salvation of your souls.—Thou malicious urchin Cupid, thou art the cause of our greatest sufferings, and then makest thy diversion of them.

As master Cupid had been not long since frolicking in this desolated country, where an hundred heroes fought the quarrel of two kings, he wounded the mighty Talbot's breast with one of his golden arrows, in the time alas of a too short truce, but prior to the present siege.

President Louvet, (there being a cessation of hostilities) invited Talbot to his house to confer with, and kept him to supper. His foolish vanity made him take the imprudent step of introducing his wife to sup in company.

Madam Louvet was most affectedly reserved. It is Cupid's favourite pleasure to bring down all prudish dames that elevate themselves in the stilts of false virtue. He disconcerted her studied gravity by piercing her breast with one of his arrows productive of folly. The consequence was, she lost her reason, and won Talbot.

You remember, reader, the fatal escalade, the bloody assault, the tremendous cannonading, the several bold efforts and combats on the tops of the walls as well as within and without them when Talbot at the head of his animated troops had forced his way through all impediments of the rampart and the gates, while from the tops of the houses, iron, fire, and death was showered down upon them.

Impe-

Impetuous Talbot shaped his way over dying multitudes into the heart of the city, bearing down all before him, and calling aloud to his followers : “ Now, my brave English, make yourselves masters of Orleans ; and you, burghers of the city, lay down your arms.”

As he acted and spoke he appeared like the terrible god of war ; when escorted by Discord, Bellona, and Destiny, he makes the earth tremble under him, determined to immolate hecatombs to death’s lank deity.

Lady Louvet, who contemplated all the horrors of war through a hole in an old building near her apartment, viewed her lover with pleasure. Her eyes were feasted in beholding his golden helmet, his nodding plume, his armour ; but above all the martial fire that flashed from his commanding eyes. To her ravished soul he appeared a demi-god in his air, and deportment.

Thus formerly in the latticed boxes of our theatres, tender-hearted dames used to ogle with lascivious, and as it

were devouring eyes the figure of that celebrated actor Baron. They were so struck with his noble carriage, his gesture, and magnificent dress, that they could not help repeating the words, and imitating his accents as he spoke; love invading their ladyships through every sense.

Dame Louvet fired by the sight of her lover, was quite beside herself, gave a loose to her passion, and unable to contain herself any longer, thus broke her feverish mind to her confident.

“ Fly, Susan, fly, haste, seek the hero whom I adore; tell him now is the time, bid him come instantly, and carry me off. If you should not get access to him yourself, employ somebody to beseech him to have compassion on the tortures I endure through my love for him; and to inform the hero, that as he prizes the honour of being deemed a true and honourable knight, I mean to sup with him in his quarters to night.

The confident dispatches a young page her own brother, who soon delivered his message. In answer to it, ten
bold

bold fellows are sent to Louvet's house, which they break open, and on entering find a lady masked with all the tokens and smugged up airs of quality. Her forehead was decked with natural or artificial locks of hair. She is carried off through the by-ways, of all which and others Talbot was then master. This valiant hero having that day caused and undergone many alarms, was resolved to solace himself that night in the embraces of love for all his military fatigues. Most heroes, the conquerors, or conquered, chuse to sup with their mistresses, if practicable. Therefore valiant Talbot, who had been successful, waits the coming of his beloved Louvet.

All preparatives were made for a delicious supper. Big bellied flasks whereon flowers were carved had cooled in pounded ice, the sparkling juice, the liquid rubies of Bacchus carefully preserved in the holy cellars of the convent of Citeaux.

At the other end of his richly decorated tent was placed a sofa of most elegant taste ; low, large, soft : and

neatly ornamented with every requisite to form the couch of love, it having sufficient room for a friendly pair to indulge their fondness. Talbot loved after the French fashion.

Having sent for the lady whose affections he had gained; he speaks of her to every person he sees, asking if they knew any thing of her being come; but as the six fellows return, and their prize being unmasked, a shrivelled grey-headed monster dressed up in childish trinkets appears. Her stature was three feet high, including the high heels of her shoes. Her eyes were edged with red, and from thence continually oozed a yellow moisture. Her large crooked nose was bent down as a penthouse over her long and forked chin.

Scared Talbot, thinking it was the devil's mistress he saw, roared so loud that the table shook. The scoundrels had made a mistake. For instead of Louvet's wife, his sister was carried off by them, whose heart was filled with joy at the pleasing thought of being run
away

away with; an honour she had never dreamt of.

Poor dame Louvet, a prey to grief, was quite disconsolate at the cruel disappointment. The afflicted lady's brain was turned; and to aggravate matters, restless jealousy figured in, suggesting such a multitude of suspicions to the bilked lady, that she became more foolish than ever.

There let us leave Louvet bewailing her hard fate, and take a view of the enamoured ass, who, become more impassioned for Joan, had renewed his solicitations to her.

The heroic maid with some emotion, her eyes on fire, and not altogether displeased with his addresses, let escape from her in the flurry she was in, "Answer me then, I conjure you, most noble ass, if it be true, that you love me?"

"If I love you?" gently replies the ass, "can you doubt it? I more than love; you are the idol of my heart! Heaven can witness for me, how ex-
G 4 tremely

tremely jealous I was of the cordelier ; and the intense pleasure with which I served the trusty squire, who rescued your chastity from the obscene attacks of the monk."

" But alas ! I afterwards became a thousand times more jealous of that impetuous son of illegitimacy the brutal Dunois. Wherefore intoxicated with love for you, and raging with jealousy against him, I ran away with the warrior to Italy."

" And what has that availed me ? Nothing alas.—He has since returned, and made love to you. His figure is more beautiful than mine, I confess—But does his heart feel such a tender passion for you as mine ?"

" O noble Joan, great ornament of the age thou livest in ; say, is Dunois to be the happy man ? is he to triumph over thy maidenhead, which is celebrated throughout the world ? I swear it shall not be. That glorious task be mine."

" Consider, that heaven having hitherto debarred me from the company of
of

of female asses, it meant thereby that all my tender caresses should be reserved for thee alone, sweet sovereign of my wishes."

"Ah consider with what delicacy, discretion and tenderness I have until this day preserved my passion a secret. If my desires may hope to be favoured by you ; if penetrated by the most violent love, I have preferred being with you upon earth to my native residence in heaven ; if you have been so long and so often carried on my back, sure it cannot appear unreasonable that I should desire to be carried in my turn."

Joan was at first surprized and somewhat angered by so bare-faced a declaration ; of which on reflection she abated : her self-love construing it as a proof of the power of her charms, from having such an effect on the gross senses of so stupid an animal.

She stretches out (without thinking) to her long-eared love, her hand ; which she instantly draws back. In one moment she blushes, in another is affrighted,

in a third recovers, and makes this far from rebuking reply :

“ Comely afs, what a chimerical hope hast thou conceived ? have more respect for my glory as a heroine, and for my duty as a christian. The difference of species is a bar against our coming together. Therefore I can no longer approve of your amorous solicitations, and pray you will instantly desist and by no means attempt to overpower me.”

The afs (who would have thought it) most learnedly replies, “ dear Joan, Love equals all. Remember the swan Leda received into her arms. She did not thereby forfeit her character of being an honest woman.

A lady of your polite education must no doubt have read or heard of Pasiphae, the daughter of Minos, who being enamoured of a bull, slighted all the princes and heroes who had courted her, in order to go and lie with her lowing quadruped.

Ganimedes was run away with by an eagle ; and gentle Phillira granted favours

favours to Neptune disguised in the form of a horse." He continued his fine quotations ; for Satan, the first author of fabulous history, supplied him with a multitude of shining examples, in order to incite Joan to sin ; which fabulous parade might rank his ass-ship among the literati.

Such is the power of eloquence, that Joan could not help listening to him, and we all know that the ear is the high road to the heart. Her astonishment at all she had heard, is followed by a profound silence.

Her virtue begins to stagger ; she is wonder-struck : now deeply ruminates immersed in a Cogitabundity of Cogitation.—“ How ? is it right ? to be enamoured of an ass, and let him deflower me ? Can I truckle to such dishonour after having so long preserved my maidenhead from all the mule-drivers and bullies in France ? after having by a special grace from heaven, been able to foil Chandos ?—No—

“ But then again, this is not a common one, this is a celestial ass. In either
 then

ther army there is not a hero so sprightly and brilliant as he. Not one of them has so tender a heart, or the half of his learning and wit!"

"Moreover he has formerly had the honour of carrying the son of Mary. He is descended from heaven, he has the air and wings of a seraphim. To have to do with him cannot be deemed bestiality. No, it is rather approaching to the divinity."

These tumultuous thoughts raised a tempest in the heart of Joan, and twirled her brain about. Thus on the high sea two haughty tyrants of the waves, one from the south, the other blowing from the north, drive to and fro a vessel whose course is toward Sumatra, Bengal, or Ceilan.

She is at one time hurled mountain-high, at another thrown among rocks. This moment an abyss seems to open to swallow her; the next she seems as if vomited up from Pluto's realm.

Not less agitated is doughty Joan. The ass becomes more pressing and cogent.

gent in his arguments, with whose energy she is so enflamed, that she cannot disguise the emotions he has caused in her. In fine, being no longer able to steer in such a chafed sea, she abandons the helm of her reason, and yields to the driving storm.

As the love-fit grows on her, a keen lightening flashes from her eyes. Her big heart beats against her ribs, and all her senses are in a quandary. A deadly pale one moment spreads over her face, and is in the next succeeded by an almost blood-starting blush.

But the formidable gesture with which the eloquent als finished his harangue, was the rock on which her maiden-head split. She is no longer mistress of her actions. Her eyes swim in a languor-giving moisture. She bends her head down on the bed, by which means her beautiful eyes conceal their shame.

Buxome Joan however looked downwards as she displayed her lusty charms; having made her knees the supporters of

of love, her mountainous tanned buttocks were raised in a posture of defiance.

Thus Thibouville and Villars, in imitation of the first Cæsar, when devoured by the fire of unnatural lust, with heads declined, sigh for the loved insertion of their Nicomedeses, and dextrously second the home efforts of their vigorous lacqueys.

The wicked urchin deity, who has subjected to his empire all human race, as well asses and gods, as was then flitting in the air, an arrow in his hand. He descried the gently smiling Joan working her thighs and wriggling her brown bum; her body being in a hot fever, and impatient to be devirginated.

The active quadruped forms a parasol over her—She has been—but is alas no more—a maid! The vigorous defeat is repeated three or four times. From the strenuous and forced installation, Joan thinks she contains a mine of combustion within her, from which she fancies she sees millions of fiery sparks escape. But

But in the very heat of action, a voice is heard, "O Joan, where art thou? Haste; now is the time to signalize thyself by some glorious exploit. Arise from thy couch, this is no time for rest or indolence. Dunois is already in arms. Our troops are in full march to fight the enemy. Even now our gendarms begin to move, the king at their head. Accoutre thyself immediately, heroic maid. This is no time to sleep."

It was the young and beautiful Dorothea that spoke thus; and from a movement of good nature hurried to awaken Joan whom she had imagined to be fast asleep. But on not receiving any answer from her, (then entranced with pleasure,) she opened the door, they having forgot to lock it within-side.

Heaven, what was Dorothea's amazement, to see the Duo working in furious concert? As a good christian, she made the sign of the cross on her forehead three or four times. Venus was
not

not more confounded in days of yore when in the brazen nets fabricated by Vulcan she was exhibited under Mars before the assembled deities, by her jealous-pated cuckoldy husband.

Joan on perceiving Dorothea there a witness of what had passed, was struck motionless for a time. But soon recovering from her surprize she sprang up to settle and adjust herself on the bed. Then spoke to Dorothea in a bold and unembarrassed manner.

“ You have now seen, my dear, a great mystery, in consequence of a vow which I had made for our good king’s prosperity. If appearances make against me, I am sorry for it. But you I hope are discreet.”

“ On my side I know the duty of friendship; and therefore Dorothea if any such strange adventure should ever befall you, and I chance to come to a knowledge of it, you may rely upon my silence. Above all things I pray you will keep this affair a secret from Dunois, as you regard the welfare of France.”

Having

Having spoke in a cavalier manner, she jumped from the bed and made a copious ablution with lavender-water. Then shifted herself, put on her breeches first, and after her military accoutrements.

Dorothea, surprized at the unconcerned air with which Joan treated her act of bestiality, spoke her mind freely to her. “Why truly, Mrs. Joan, I cannot comprehend the meaning of such an adventure. I promise you secrecy; for I have been wounded by the arrows of Cupid, and from my own misfortune have learned to pity the weakness of others.

“I never quarrel with people for their different taste in love affairs among their own species. But really your proceeding, madam, is beyond the reach of my weak comprehension. Is it not amazing that you, who might clasp the handsome Dunois in your arms, should debase yourself so low as to understrap to an hideous ass? O mon-

O monstrous ! what a falling off was there !

“ In the name of proportion and female delicacy, were you not terrified at sight of the huge and formidable apparatus. How could you resolve to undergo such an unnatural operation ? Did you not dread being rent asunder by such an abominable wedge, whose protrusive rigidity, length, and thickness are so disproportioned every way ? ”

“ Ah me ! what a dire laceration must have been the consequence, as it impelled to its utmost stretch ! And yet that you were pleased in this conflict, is true ; for I saw pleasure dance in your eyes as I came into the room. ”

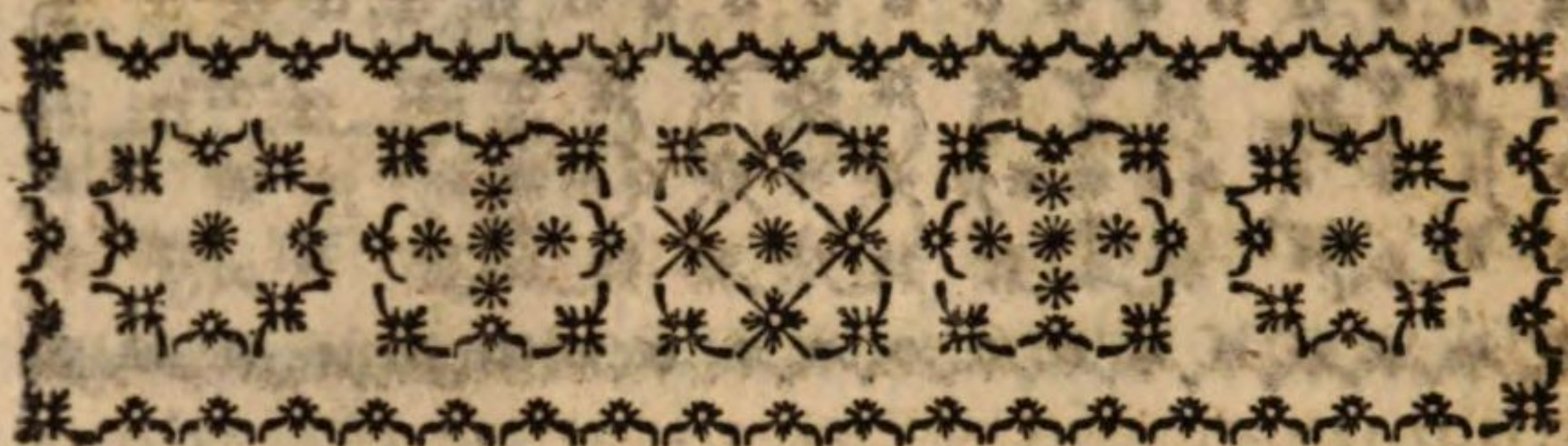
“ Felt you no remorse of conscience ? no distaste ? How could you so entirely lose all respect for yourself as to submit to the profane brutality of this odious animal ; and to prefer a detestable ass to the amiable Dunois ? ”

“ My gentle nature, which always sympathises with the feeling of others, shudders at supposing myself in your situation.

situation. Good heaven! what woman but Joan could chuse for her gallant this horrid afs!"

"Dear Dorothea, replied Joan with a sigh, my answer to all your objections is, " that I most violently loved him."

End of the SECOND VOLUME.



N O T E S
O N T H E
M A I D O F O R L E A N S.
V O L. I.

PAGE 2.—*Great church of Rheims*
There the Kings of *France* are
crowned.

Ibid.—“*Without invoking thee, O
Chapelain !*”—*Chapelain*, a contemptible
French poet, author of an epick poem
in sober sadness, called, *the Maid of Or-*
leans ; as much despised by the connois-
seurs of *France*, as *Blackmore's Prince*
Arthur is by the *English*.

Page

B O O K X X I I I

How Joan D'Arc fell into a snare
Temptation.

Page 3.—*De la Motte Houdart*.—A *French* writer of some merit in verse, but of more in prose, remarkable for a quaintness and affectation.

Page 11.—The mentioning *Alain* a bad poet, the doctors of *Sorbonne*, &c. is to shew how the *French* king passed his time.

Page 13.—*Bernardine Monks*.—An order of friars more celebrated for their good living, and drinking of choice wines, than for learning or piety.

Page 38.—The Hippogriph, Astolphus, &c. See *Ariosto*.

Page 40.—The beautiful episodic History of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* is to be seen in *Virgil's Æneis*.

Page 42.—In *France*, culprits for certain crimes are branded on the back with *Fleur de Luces*.

Page 50.—*The Oriflamme*, the great standard of *France*.

Page 53.—In the *Battle of Pultawa*, after the victory there gained by *Peter* the great, czar of *Muscovy*, over *Charles* the twelfth, the laurels of the *Swedish* monarch withered.

—Page 55.—“Not one of those whose profound learning.” The Benedictine monks are looked upon as the most learned order of the *Romish* church; and have obliged the world with correct editions of several *Greek* fathers, and very instructive comments thereon.

Page 58.—*Law*, a native of *Scotland*, had long been a chevalier of industry in *London*; he knew the best of all games, and was at all times ready to lend his hand to any wicked deed, so any emolument were from thence to accrue to himself.

He hired himself as bravo to a lady to murder for his indiscretion an unfortunate beau, whom she had granted favours to. He received a considerable sum of money for the assassination, by which he was enabled to fly from our laws to *France*.

Being of a scheming head, he soon got himself introduced to the duke of *Orleans*, then regent of *France*, and proposed to him an iniquitous scheme, the execution of which ruined numbers of families.

Law was the man who put the *French East-India* company on a good footing, and laid the plan of its present aggrandisement.

While his scheme was carried on by the regent's authority, (then that of the young king's,) *Law* lived in *France* with great magnificence, and had a pretty general sway in most affairs; but was obliged at last to fly away from the people's resentment.

He retired to *Venice*, and there died in very poor circumstances, though he had been the ruin of so many thousands in *France*.

Page 59.—*Escobar* and *Molina*, two jesuits who published treatises of what the *Jansenists* call relaxed morality.

Page 60.—*Scamander* a river that flowed near *Troy*, on whose banks were daily skirmishings between the *Greeks* and *Trojans*. It was often tinged with the blood of both parties.

Ibid. The *Jansenists* are a subdivision of *Romanists*, who though they believe in transubstantiation, are a kind of predestinarians; which is understood by

by their *efficacious grace* as the free gift of heaven, and without which vain are all efforts to obtain eternal salvation. They claim *St. Austin* as one of the chieftains of their doctrine.

Page 60.—“ *A large tomb, unornamented by art, close to the church of St. Medard*; wherein one *Abbé Paris*, an ignorant enthusiast of the *Jansenist* party, was buried, and by them sainted. To support the honour of this saint against all disbelievers, they had poor people instructed to affect diseases, and afterwards declare their being cured by repairing to said tomb; which causing animosities, disputes, and frequent skirmishes between the adherents to holy *Paris*, and their antagonists spirited on by the Jesuits, an edict was at last passed to shut up said tomb from all approach of the populace, who daily repaired thither to play their pious farces which frequently terminated in most uncharitable frays on both sides.

Page 63.—*Marshal Galigai's* lady was condemned to the flames by vile church insinuations of her having dealt with
the

the devil to maintain the power she had over the queen's mind.

Her noble answer to the question put to her, " By what power she sway-
ed the queen.—Was—" by that which
great minds have over weak ones !"

Page 63.—The history of father *Girard* and mademoiselle *la Cadere*, having been already treated of in so many books, pamphlets, &c. we shall say nothing of it here ; and which to give but a very imperfect account of, would take up too much room.

Page 64.—The *Dominicans* and *Carmelites* are two orders of Romish monks, stigmatized for their ignorance and debauchery.

Page 65.—*At Fontevrault* a convent of nuns in *France*, where the abbess hath the extraordinary privilege of giving the benediction even to men. This is the farthest step the fair sex hath been able to obtain of ecclesiastical functions ; all their attempts to celebrate mass, and hear confessions of their own sex only, have hitherto been defeated.

Page 75.—A celebrated convent of nuns in *France*. What is laid to their charge here is too obvious to need any comment.

Page 82.—*Quenel*, a priest of the society called Oratorians, equally remarkable in *France* for their learning and adherence to the doctrine of *Jansenius*. They are the irreconcilable and formidable enemies of the *Jesuits*.

Quenel was one of the greatest champions in the cause of *Jansenism*; and published a famous work called, An hundred and five propositions, the abridgement of his party's doctrine, which has caused much ecclesiastic strife, and is condemned as heretical by the court of Rome.

Page 112. “*An impostor from the other side of the Alps.*” The famous pilgrim Peter, whose enthusiastic frenzy first prevailed on christian princes to form the quixotical expeditions called *Crusadas*, for the recovery of the Holy Land from the *Saracens*.

Page 113.—*Quinze-vingts*, fifteen twentys, being the number of poor blind

blind men supported in the hospital so called.

Page 114.—“*Directors of pretty ladies.*” In Romish countries the directors are clergymen, who direct the moral conduct and exterior behaviour of the ladies, and are frequently of their parties. They are commonly chosen for their knowledge of the polite and fashionable world, as the confessors are for their piety and retired lives.

Page 115.—“*In his own city.*” Geneva.

Page 149.—“*Alguasil*, an officer of justice.

Page 169.—“*Busiris* an Egyptian monarch remarkable for his barbarity.

Page 192.—“*Grace efficacious.*” According to the *Jansenists*, a kind of predestinarians, a man at his birth receives or is deprived of heaven’s grace efficacious, thro’ whose energy alone he is to be saved, and is not acquirable by any efforts or good works.

Page 192.—“*Ignatius’s tribe.*” The Jesuits in opposition to the said partial dealing of heaven advance, that all

men indiscriminately, receive from the Almighty *grace sufficient*, which by their own good works they are to make efficacious of their salvation.



V O L. II.

P. 6. *B* *Adauts*, a term by which the natives of *Paris* are stigmatized, as those of London are by that of *Cockneys*.

Ibid.—According to a ridiculous legend of some miracle-making monk, when St. *Denis's* head was struck off, he is said to have taken it up again and kissed it—but with what could he kiss it, is an article the contriver of this absurd lie did not attend to.

Page 10.—“*Arthurs*,” the great academy where our young nobility are formed by its veteran worthies.

Page 29.—“*His valiant son so famous*,”—*Absalon*.

Page 30.—“*Relative to his mistress*,” the celebrated *Madame de Pompadour*, who

who at present is much talked of in Europe, she being said to direct the politics of the grand monarch.

Page 50.—“ *Eleven thousand maids that in a most heroic manner expired martyrs of virginity.*” According to the report of monkish legends, eleven thousand virgins, natives of England, fled from persecution in their own country to the continent, where they all suffered martyrdom.

This mistake arose from an English young lady's suffering martyrdom whose name was *Undecemilla*, which the ignorant lovers of the marvellous altered to *undecem-millia*. So by a stroke of a pen, multiplied a single young lady to eleven thousand.

Page 57.—*Etampe*, the name of one of Francis the First's mistresses.

Page 58.—*Gabrielle D'Etrees* (of whose family the present marshal of that name is) was one of the most famous of *Harry* the Fourth of France's mistresses. Their amours are painted in a most beautiful manner in *Voltaire's* epic poem *La Henriade*.

Page 59.—“*Cardinal Mazarine's niece.*” This young lady was so violently beloved by *Lewis* the Fourteenth in his younger years, that he would fain have married her, but the political uncle dreading the consequence from the French nation and princes of the blood's resentment, contrived to have her removed from the eyes of her royal lover.

Page 59.—*Valiere*, another mistress of the same monarch, as famous for her sincere love of him, as her exemplary repentance for having led a libertine life.

Ibid.—*Montespan*, the most celebrated of *Lewis* the Great's mistresses. It was in her service *Madame de Maintenon* became acquainted with the said libidinous monarch, whom she frightened into matrimony and repentance, by frequently talking to him of the heinousness of sin, and the fire of hell, which is alluded to, page 60.

Page 61.—“*Saint Denis*,” a village famous for the burial-place of the French kings,

kings, is about two short leagues distant from Paris.

Page 62.—Fond *Argenton*! Wanton *Parabere*—Mistresses of the late regent of France, duke of *Orleans*.

Page 63.—In these latter times the office of pimp is taken up by some of *Mars's* chieftains—The author is supposed to allude here to marshal R-hl-u, who is said to have procured madam Pompadour for his master, and to be the superintendant of all his private pleasures.

Page 63.—“O *Rambouillet*!” “O *Meudon*!” “O *Choisi*!” Royal pleasant seats near *Paris*, where select parties of pleasure are appointed.

Page 64.—“*La Tournelle* was the immediate predecessor to madam de Pompadour, as *Lewis* the Fifteenth's mistress. During his sickness at *Mentz*, she was banished from him by the means of the clergy.

But the king after his recovery, and return to *Paris*, being prevailed on by some of his courtiers to see her, she went too warm into a cold bath to pre-

pare herself for receiving him; but she thereby got the sickness of which she soon after died.

Page 65.—“ *This kingly author, this hard-hearted and capricious monarch, &c.*”—This satyrical stroke at P——as Fred—ck, is supposed to have been written by Voltaire before his late reconciliation with that illustrious monarch.

Page 81.—“ *D'Argens,*” the celebrated author of the jewish letters, &c.

Ibid.—“ *Maupertuis*” A famous philosopher, by whose means the *Newtonian* system triumphed in France over all the bigotted adherents of the system of Descartes. This gentleman is now president of the academy of sciences at Berlin.

Ibid.—“ *A certain monarch in Europe, &c.*” another base reflection on the great monarch heretofore illiberally squinted at.

Page 124.—“ *Cardinal Richelieu,*” who had the first operas perform'd in his then palace, now that of the duke of Orleans,

Orleans; and there they have continued to be performed to this day.

Page 137.—“*Martin of France renowned for his cloak.*” Martin, a patron saint of France, on meeting a poor man naked, cut off one half of his cloak to give it to him.

Page 139.—“*Baron*” A famous actor on the French stage, and in that degree of eminence which our late laureat has represented *Betterton* to have formerly been on the English theatre.

Ibid.—“*Bourdaloue,*” a jesuit, the most celebrated of the French preachers.

Ibid.—“*Massillon,*” famous for his funeral orations.

CON-

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

BOOK I.

THE *Amours* of Charles VII. and
Agnes Sorel. *The siege of Orleans*
by the English. *The apparition of St.*
Denis, &c. p. 1

BOOK II.

Joan, armed by St. Denis, goes to
king Charles at Tours. Her adven-
ture on the road thither. p. 25

BOOK III.

A *description of the palace of Folly.*
Sorel dresses herself in armour to fol-
low

(177)

low her lover. She is made a prisoner by the English. Her modesty is exposed to some rude assaults. p. 52

B O O K IV.

The Maid of Orleans and Dunois fight the English, and perform wonders. p. 74

B O O K V.

The tragi-comic adventure in the castle of Conculix. The history of Conculix. p. 86

B O O K VI.

The Cordelier Grisbourdon is in hell, for having attempted to ravish Joan. He relates his adventure to the infernal beings. p. 102

B O O K VII.

Their departure from the castle of Conculix. The adventure of Agnes and Monrose. p. 127

B O O K

[178]

BOOK VIII.

*Description of the temple of Fame. The
adventure of Dorothea.* p. 143

BOOK IX.

*Dunois carries off the innocent Doro-
thea from the holy inquisition.* p. 153

BOOK X.

*Agnes Sorel is followed by the chaplain
of John Chandos. She regrets her
lover.* p. 176

BOOK XI.

*What happened to the beautiful Agnes in
a convent of nuns.* p. 192

BOOK XII.

*The English ravish the nuns. A bloody
battle ensues between Joan D'Arc and
some of the English.* p. 203

CON-



CONTENTS.

VOLUME II.

BOOK XIII.

*S*aint George the Patron of England,
fights saint Denis the Patron of
France. p. 3

BOOK XIV.

Description of the Castle of Cutendre.
p. 17

BOOK XV.

*King Charles finds out Agnes who was
solacing herself with Monrose in the
Castle of Cutendre.* p. 25

BOOK

BOOK XVI.

The arrival of Dunois, and of Dorothea, at the Castle of Cutendre. They all depart from the said Castle. p. 40

BOOK XVII.

The battle of John Chandos, and Joan D'Arc, and the extraordinary Law she was subject to in said Battle. p. 47

BOOK XVIII.

A Vision. Joan's Honour is saved by a Miracle. p. 55

BOOK XIX.

CORISANDRA. p. 69

BOOK XX.

The wicked Attempt of John Chandos, on the devout Dorothea. De la Trimouille and Chandos fight. p. 89

BOOK

B O O K XXI.

Dunois undertakes the Defence of La Trimouille, fights Chandos, and kills him. p. 101

B O O K XXII.

The Entertainment at the Town-House of Orleans. Charles attacks the English. The Adventures of Agnes, &c. p. 110

B O O K XXIII.

How Joan D'Arc fell into a strange Temptation. p. 126

B O O K. XXIV. 131

President Louvet's Lady falls in Love with Talbot; and Joan D'Arc with Saint Denis's Ass. p. 144

The all having made to elegant
declaration of his position he received
his flattering arguments by a most
energetic and admirable gesture, such as
had never been exhibited by Baron
Bourchlon, or M...

It is a mistake to suppose that
Lord Pembroke, Viscount of Pembroke,
with his numerous family, is
the history of his life and actions, but
above all, his principles, virtues and
actions made to hidden and...

His son, the Viscount of Pembroke,
never known, distinguished by his
attack of the disease of Agnes, etc.

During the Jack's time, p. 110
tongue, the gallant Duke of
lodged in the room of the
rentive car, and was quite surprised at the
How Joan D'Arc fell into a pitfall
p. 130

B O O K . XXIV.

Princess Louise's Lady John in Love
with Talbot, and Joan D'Arc with
Saint Denis's life. p. 144

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Voltaire, 1694-1778

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